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Poetry.

LYRIC OF LONE SEAS.

Our gallant ship leaps swiftly
Over the waves away;
With strident roar,
Her bow before
Hisses the salt sea spray.

Over the depths unfathomed
Over the sea's green caves,
List to the song
So clear and strong
Sung by the loud-lipped waves.

Over the halls of coral
Whose pearly floors lie deep
Where the white sea maiden,
With dreams o'erladen,
Slumbers in breathless sleep.

Thou ocean wide and voiceful!
Grim mystery shrouds thee o'er;
Thy tempests rave
Till mariners brave
Lie dead on the damp, dark shore.

The white-plumed waves are moving
Like ordered files to war;
In the mighty throng
They whirl along
To the dim horizon's bar.

Yon sea-bird poising dreamful
Thy secrets dread must know;
His snow-white breast
On thine doth rest
When cradling billows flow.

When sounds the angel's trumpet
And shake the affrighted skies,
Then shall the Lord
Fulfil His word
Thy sheeted dead shall rise.
—Rev. James B. Dolland, in Donahue's.

THE DINING CAR DINNER.

As in the car along we roll,
Annihilating space,
How cheering to the weary soul
To see his smiling face,
And hear the "cullud pusson's" voice
Awakening each sinner,
As loud he bawls in accents choice,
"Fust call fo' dinner!"

The sleeping wake, the dead come back,
All animation each,
And quickly follow in his track
The dusk-colored peach;
And then to see the heathen eat,
Fill plumb up to the cellar,
In order that they mayn't be beat,
And earn the price, a dollar.

I like to sit and stuff my skin
While through the country flying,
The edibilities sip in
With ease so satisfying.
And then to catch the motion right
While pouring in the beer
Is not as easy as it might
Be, but it's very queer.

As on we roll the flow of soul
Keeps pace with the flow of liquor;
The waiter fills the flowing bowl,
And we keep feeling slicker,
We gently rock from side to side,
Our food securely packing;
Complacently each fills his hide,
And not a thing is lacking.

And as I calmly end my meal,
And sip my cafe noir,
My conscience tells me and I feel
That heaven is not so far.
To me it comes I know full well,
E'en though I be a sinner,
With the "cullud pusson's" yell,
"Fust call fo' dinner."
—Warren Beecher in New York Sun.

Miscellany.

A TRANSMIGRATION.

One of the Cleveland veterans of the Mexican war is Col. O. J. Hodge, who served for a year and a half in the federal army. In recalling recently some of the incidents of that memorable struggle the Colonel told the Plain Dealer this amusing story:

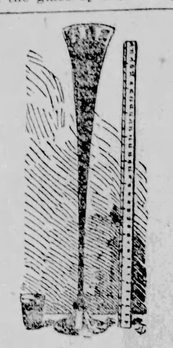
"The Major of our regiment," he said, "was in the habit of getting on a spree about once a month, and when not restrained by the other officers made things very lively. It became a common saying in camp when the officer was suffering from one of his periodical sprees, 'The Major is on a spree again.' This same officer had for an orderly, a servant, a very exemplary man named John. One day,

"THAT DAM MAJOR ON ANOTHER TEAR"

with one of the other men, he went into the city of Matamoras and the other men thought it would be an amusing thing to get John drunk. They filled him pretty full with Mexican wine, and after a little while he became hilarious. Returning to camp he sought his tent in a zigzag fashion, keeping up a tremendous singing all the way. The Major noticed his scandalous condition and ordered him taken to the guard house. When they were taking him there the officer of the guard said, 'Why, John, what's the matter? This is something new for you.' John looked up with a comical leer. 'Oh,' he hiccoughed, 'it's th-that d-dam Major on 'nother t-tear. S-s-some day th-that fellow 'll d-die d-drunk! H-hooray!' "

THE YARD ALE GLASS.

This curious vessel, which is reproduced in the December Strand, was in the possession of one family for over a hundred years. It is 38 inches high and holds nearly a pint. The end terminates in a bulb which communicates with the interior of the glass by a small aperture.



A YARD OF ALE.

At farmers' dinners unsuspecting rustics were asked to drink the contents without spilling a drop on the nose. To empty it one must turn it upside down. For a few minutes the pressure of the air keeps the contents of the bulb intact; then suddenly out rushes the ale deluging the unhappy drinker, who is also overwhelmed by the laughter of those about him. This ale glass belongs to Mr. Ernest C. Vincham, of 19 Pride Hill, Shrewsbury.

LORD FAIRFAX'S OFFICE.

ONCE PART OF FAMOUS OLD GREENWAY COURT.

All That is Now Left of the Manorial Structure, the Seat of the Friend and Patron of Washington.

The Blade is indebted to a subscriber at Accotink, Va., for the sketch from which the accompanying cut was made, and the following interesting letter:

In a recent issue of The Blade appeared an illustration of an old log cabin said to have been occupied by George Washington while he was employed to do surveying for Lord Fairfax. I have in my

LORD FAIRFAX'S OFFICE.

possession a large photograph, which I purchased in the city of Winchester, last winter, of a little old stone building which is still standing about ten miles southeast of Winchester. It formed a part of the group of buildings known as Greenway Court, which was the home of Lord Thomas Fairfax. I have made a pencil sketch of this old structure, and send it with this history, because it was used by Washington and Fairfax as an office when he was doing the surveying.

Washington left Belvoir, which is on the west bank of the Potomac river, about two miles below Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1748, in company with George W. Fairfax who was a son of the Hon. William Fairfax, who was a cousin of Thomas Fairfax, of Greenway Court. Washington was a mere boy of 16 years, and his companion only about 23. They took all the necessary equipage for surveying, for camp life, and for protection against wild animals and the Indians.

They left the quiet and peace of Mt. Vernon and Belvoir on horseback, for the scene of their subsequent labor, it being a trip of several days' journey.

This old building is all that remains to-day of Greenway Court, save the lines plainly seen on the lawn of a new modernized place, where the quaint old structure stood, and where the friend of Washington and that true loyalist, Lord Fairfax, lived and died.

On the corner of Washington and Water streets, in the city of Winchester stands an Episcopal church, which the writer visited. On the left hand entrance, as you enter the vestibule, is placed a marble tablet, upon which is inscribed these words:

"In Memory of
THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX,
Who Died 1782.
And Whose Ashes
Repose Underneath
This Church,
Which He Endowed."

"UNCLE TOM'S" ORIGINAL DEAD.

Lewis George Clark, the original of Harriet Beecher Stowe's character of George Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was all that the great novelist made him in her famous book.

Clark, who passed away on Thursday, Dec. 16, was 86 years old, and his last days were made comfortable by contributions sent him from all parts of the world for the sake of the character in Mrs. Stowe's book. He was three-fourths white. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Campbell, a Scottish slave owner of Kentucky, and his father was Daniel Clark, a pure-blooded Scotchman. His maternal grandmother was a negress and he was born in slavery. He and his brother were sold to a southern planter, and the thought of the dreaded cotton fields of the south inspired the boys with superhuman courage.

George broke away, and after incredible adventures succeeded in reaching Canada on horseback. There he was taken into the family of a niece of Mrs. Stowe, and there the authoress met him. She listened to his stories of slave life, and worked them into her great book. His owners in Kentucky heard of him, and attempted to get him back, but he baffled them and went into New England, where he was safe. There he made a living by lecturing.

When the great war was at end Clark returned to Kentucky a free man. He lived near his old home since that time, and of late years was supported by kind-hearted persons, who gave him enough to keep body and soul together.

THE WAR WAS NOT OVER.

Two Belligerent Veterans Come to Blows in a Beer Garden.

General Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, a Southern cavalry leader, delights to tell of the meeting between two veterans of opposing sides in a New York beer garden, says the Chicago Times-Herald. They had been introduced by mutual friends, and bathed their new acquaintance in beer. Of course, the talk reverted to the war.

"The land is at peace," said the Southerner, who lacked an arm, "and we are all brothers again. Neither side has surrendered its principles, but both have accepted the arbitrament of the sword. I love the brave men who fought against me, suh, almost as much as I love the brave men who fought with me."

"Here, too," said the Northerner cordially. His left leg had been buried in Virginia. More beer.

"The hottest place I was ever in," continued the Southerner, "was near Culpeper Court House, down in Virginia, suh. We were lying in a shallow ditch on the edge of a field when you Yanks charged us. We waited until you got within thirty yards of us, and then rose. One big fellow, with a corporal's chevrons on his jacket, appeared to pick me out especially. We fired at the same instant. I felt a sharp shock in my left arm, and it was cut off the next day, but he went down as dead as a door nail."

"What!" yelled the Northerner, "are you the man that shot my leg off? I've been looking for you for thirty-five years."

"Suh," howled the Southerner, "my arm's in the grave along o' you."

Then, in the language of Sam Jones, there was "blood and hair and the ground tore up." Waiters separated the belligerents. But the war is over just the same.

Ambition.

Aunt Gertrude—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to grow a beard.

Aunt Gertrude—Why?

Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Pick-Me-Up.

IS CENTURIES OLD.

Here is a tree so old that it was considered an antiquity when Columbus was a little boy who hadn't begun to think about discovering America. In 1402 it was measured by the companions of Bethencourt when he discovered Teneriffe, the chief of the Canary Islands, and it was then of the same towering size that it is now.

THE DRAGON'S BLOOD TREE.

It is called the dragon's blood tree and there is a legend in Teneriffe that it was worshiped by the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island, and that in the fifteenth century mass was celebrated in its trunk.

It May Be One Reason.

"Do you know why it is that so many explorers seek the arctic and so few the antarctic regions?"

"Well, I think I could make a pretty good guess."

"Why?"

"The arctic regions are not quite so far away from the headquarters of the managers of the lecture bureaus."

Ever and anon a great truth is spoken in jest.

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's snuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed, storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales!" said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten, Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spoons. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, staring swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Simmoning Sam she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing, so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles sonny, sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; secure Sophia speedily Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling; "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliquises,

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs—Spriggs Short—Sophia, Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—She! She shant! She shant!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia. "Sar-sartain, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds).

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartain," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sodrific," said Sam, stealthily stanching streaming sweat, shaking suddenly.

"Sartain," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty! sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally:—"Sophia, sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence; secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall—"

Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop snailing. Sam Short's sincere—Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

"Speak! Sophia! such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam—seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said "Sartain."

MUST BE A POPULIST.

At the last election, in a state which I shall not make it dangerous for me to visit by mentioning in public print, says a writer in Good Stories, I heard a funny kind of explanation at the polls. One of the very greenest Dutch jakes I think I ever saw came up and wanted

"I DUNNO. MEBBE I AM."

to vote. It was his first vote, and the judges held him up.

"Want to vote?" asked one, in a pleasing, off-hand manner.

"Vhat's dat?" said the applicant, trying to show courage.

"What ticket?"

"I dunno."

"Are you a Democrat?"

"I dunno."

"Are you a Republican?"

"I dunno."

"How about being a Prohibitionist?"

"What's that un?"

"One of the cold-water people."

"Por vashin'?"

"For drinking."

"Gosh to splinters, I ain't that I reckon."

"Very well," said the judge, giving it up as a bad job, "as there isn't anything else, you are a Populist."

A faint gleam of intelligence, as if some familiar name had broken into the young voter's perception, shone on his face.

"I dunno," he replied, hesitatingly. "Mebbe I am. Pap says I'm the biggest dern fool in four precinct."

Heredity: a Fable.

Once upon a time a serpent was respectfully accosted by its offspring, a very fabulous thing, truly, as offspring go.

"Papa," prattled the offspring, "why have I a forked tongue?"

"Surely you didn't imagine," the serpent replied, evincing much pain, "that your ancestors or forebears ate with their fingers? Why should not your tongue be forked?"

The serpent, you observe, was inclined to be very scientific, its wisdom, indeed, being proverbial.—Detroit Journal.

How They Argued.

"Ah!" said the blustering lawyer whose client had just been acquitted, "now that it's all over, would you mind telling me how you reached your verdict?"

"Certainly," replied the juryman. "We felt sure that if he had been guilty he wouldn't have hired you to defend him."—Philadelphia North American.

HER REVENGE

By G. B. BURGIN.

Author of "Old Man's Marriage," "Fortune's Footballs," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

Th office of "Top Lights" was situated in direct contradistinction to its name, on the first floor of a palatial mansion in Fleet street. For the modest sum of four pence "Top Lights" provided that enthralling information as to the movement of the "Beau monde" which is so dear to the hearts of people whose mission in life is to look on from afar and picture Heaven as a place where every one has ten thousand a year and no grates to blacken on Sunday mornings. Its information as to the doings of well-known people was simply marvellous. Did a noble dame dream of running away with her groom on Monday, by Tuesday her husband knew all about the contemplated elopement through the medium of "Top Lights."

Similarly, if the case were reversed and a man "in society" thought of casting in his lot with one of those delightful stage ladies whose mission it is to amuse people already more than sufficiently elevated, beneficent "Top Lights" threw a strong glare of publicity on the case, and furnished such amusing details that the project fell through. But all at once the information in "Top Lights" began to lose the charm of accuracy. People could no longer rely on it, and matters were becoming serious, for the circulation fell off with alarming rapidity.

The reason which transpired was that a man who went everywhere and wrote with remarkable point and skill had been cut at a ball and requested not to call at his host's house any more. His offense was that he had written a perfectly innocent paragraph about the ball. "We do not," said his host, "propose to know people whom we receive as guests, only to find that they earn dishonest half-crowns by making 'copy' of our proceedings. We shall have much pleasure in providing you with half-crowns provided you give up writing for society journals." Whereupon the paragraph writer had reformed and died of grief at having committed such an error.

After his death "Top Lights" lost its strongest prop until the editor hit upon the happy idea of employing as paid members of his staff all the ladies' maids of great people whom he could get to commence such an arduous literary career.

For a time the scheme went well. Unfortunately, however, the ladies' maids could not write as fluently as they talked. Their information set down in black and white was singularly pointless and inaccurate. It required much personal sifting and examinating as to details, until the spectacled sub-editor of "Top Lights" at length hit upon the happy idea of receiving the ladies' maids every Monday morning one at a time, and writing the paragraphs red-hot from their fair lips. He was a young man, and sometimes became confused at the airy lightness of details which were given him by his fair informants; but, by dint of having the office boy to chaperone him, and sitting in a dark corner, he got through his weekly task, though not without many blushes. He was a young man with a strong tendency to the ministry, had not Providence ordained otherwise. So he wrote the paragraphs every week, although inwardly occupied with a new theory concerning the Mosaic Dispensation, which was far more interesting to him than all the backstairs tittle-tattle ever penned.

But one Monday morning a new lady's maid appeared at the office of "Top Lights," with a bewitchingly pretty figure. Her face could not be seen as she wore a veil. The sub-editor nervously played with his pencil, and forgot himself far enough to wish that the corner in which he received were not quite so dark. He noticed also, for, unlike most sub-editors, and in spite of his spectacles, he was an observant young man, that as the interview proceeded, her grammar and pronunciation improved with marvelous rapidity. As she was the last of all, the sub-editor crumpled up his paragraphs, gave them to an office boy, and instructed him to take them down to the printers. "Tell them to leave a quarter of a column open," he said. "I'll send down the 'copy' presently."

Then he came out into the middle part of the room, turned up the electric light, and requested his fair visitor (he felt sure she was fair) to communicate whatever items of feminine information she had been able to obtain.

"I—I'm really afraid I haven't any," said the Fair Unknown, sweetly, but with obvious embarrassment.

It was on the tip of the tongue of the sub-editor to ask what the etcetera she meant by coming down there and wasting his time in the busiest part of the day. Being a good young man, however, in so far as his vocation admitted of goodness, he did not make such an observation. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he inquired, politely. "If paragraphs are not your object may I ask how you came to gain admission to this morning's 'At Home' of mine?"

The lady's maid allowed him to pause for a minute. "Yes; it is rather early for an 'At Home,' isn't it?" she inquired, with charming irrelevance. "You see my m——" She stopped short in confusion.

"You were about to say——?" politely inquired the sub-editor.

"Oh, yes, I was about to say a lady's maid, a friend of mine, told me of your scheme for getting news. I thought I should like to learn to write personal paragraphs, though I'm told it is very difficult."

"It is," said the sub-editor, proudly; "very difficult indeed. Not more than one man in a million can do it, without getting every bone in his body broken."

"Then you must be the man or you wouldn't be here," answered the lady's maid sweetly. "My friend says you write beautifully—I—I mean beautiful," and she paused in evident distress at having spoken correctly.

It was the proudest moment of that spectacled sub-editor's life. Never before had he been told that he wrote "beautiful."

"Such a calling is not without its dangers," he said deprecatingly. "Personally I have a strong tendency for the ministry, and am told that the paragraph style of preaching would make a decided hit; but I have never had the time to 'train on' for it." And he did his best not to look like a round peg in a square hole.

The lady's maid sympathized with him. "I'm so sorry for you. It must be such a beautiful thing to preach for an hour and a quarter where no one dare contradict you. But I have some news which I am sure will interest you."

"Where are you employed?" asked the sub-editor, not quite relishing his visitor's views about preaching.

The lady's maid hesitated a moment. "Lady Vipont's," she said sweetly.

"Lady Vipont's!" A thrill of pleasure ran down the sub-editorial spine. No one had ever been able to get news from Lady Vipont's before. He wished he had "held over" half a column, and produced a pencil and pad of scribbling paper in feverish haste. "Won't you write it down?" he asked, condescendingly. "I'll lick it into shape afterwards."

"You are very kind," said the lady's maid, somewhat sarcastically. "But I have a foolish idea that I should like to try to write this paragraph all by myself. You see it is my first attempt in literature. I should like to remember some day when I am an old woman that I did it all by myself."

"Oh, very well," rejoined the sub-editor huffily, for he was but mortal. "Perhaps you had better dictate it to me."

"Perhaps I had," assented the fair unknown. "It's—it's about" the could almost feel that there was a blush in her voice), "Archie—I mean Lord Archie Vipont."

"Yes?" said the sub-editor, trembling with eagerness so that his fingers could scarcely hold the pencil. "Yes Go on, please."

"We understand, on the highest possible authority, that a marriage has been arranged between Lord Archie Vipont and the wealthy Miss Massington, whose father is the latest addition to the peerage. It is rumored at the same time that this step is the result of a temporary misunderstanding with another young lady, who is reported to be not wholly inconsolable.'" I don't know how to spell 'inconsolable,'" continued the lady's maid with a gulp, as she hurried over the word, "but that's the way I want the paragraph put in."

"You're sure this is correct? I'll attend to the spelling," said the sub-editor, unsuspiciously.

"Positive. How much am I to get for it?"

The sub-editor considered. "Our ordinary rate is half-a-crown a statement," he said. "In this instance, however, the information is quite worth five shillings. That is to say, for about five lines of type we are virtually presenting you with 15 copies of Top Lights."

"How good of you!" said the lady's maid, as if quite overwhelmed by this princely generosity.

"Hum, yes, it is, now I come to think of it," mused the sub-editor. "You might be able to let us have some more news next Monday. Will you look in about half-past 11?"

"When does the paper appear?" asked the fair unknown.

"Late on Saturday night, so that people who don't go to church," said the sub-editor, with a groan "I grieve to state, from personal knowledge, that a good many of our subscribers don't attend any place of worship at all") "can read the paper in bed or at breakfast on Sunday morning. We've had it made a convenient size on purpose."

"So you see you are still able to get a congregation," said the fair unknown, somewhat flippantly. "I will come down at 11:30 next Monday and I think I can promise you a surprise."

"You're very good," said the sub-editor, politely. "Good morning."

"Good morning," and she went out.

The sub-editor would have been greatly surprised if he had followed his visitor round the corner of the next street and seen her get into a stylish little brougham. She threw back her veil and smiled when secure from observation. "That was really a nice young man," she said merrily. "If my little plot succeeds, he shall certainly 'train on' for the ministry. Home, Parkins."

"Yes, m'lady," said Parkins, touching his hat with bewildered deference.

CHAPTER II.

The spectacled sub-editor went to church on the following Sunday morning and edited the sermon with much gusto. He thought it wanted "cutting," but did not see his way how to perform such an operation. While still brooding over the subject on his way to town the next morning, something more mundane obscured his vision, and brought to mind the sensation which "Top Lights" must have occasioned by its authoritative statement of the day before. When he reached the office and had skimmed through his letters, he found himself looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to meeting with the Fair Unknown. Possibly, in her capacity of lady's maid, she had the entree to several big houses and could not fail to learn all that was going on and being done by people whose acts were worth recording.

The world had become rather tired of chronicling the doings of millionaires—they were so common; but it did want to know as much as possible about our ancient families. There seemed to be a curious feeling in the air that some one would bring in a bill to disestablish ancient families; it would, therefore, be as well to know as much as possible about them before they became mere common clay. With the assistance of the Fair Unknown the sub-editor determined to obtain as much information on the subject as possible, and when he had successfully reinstated the paper in its former lofty position, either join the Salvation Army and convert his former readers, or become a colporteur at the docks. He might get hold of the Lascars there. and reform them. But he was tired of sub-editing; it was worse than breaking stones, because stone-breaking always commands a certain amount of public esteem and appreciation, whereas the sub-editor is a modern scapegoat daily offered up at sacrificial altars, and invariably expected to enjoy the roasting.

At a quarter past 11, as the last lady's maid disappeared, the sub-editor repeated the formula of the preceding week, crumpled up his "pars," and sent them down to the printer. After lunch he would sally forth to a club and there ascertain the feeling of his fellow-creatures in reference to Lord Vipont's forthcoming marriage, an item which even the "Daily Studge" would have given the editorial eye to obtain, big as they were. In the meantime he hoped the Fair Unknown would be punctual. There was something very piquant in her voice; she seemed far above her position; and it suddenly dawned upon him that it was his duty as a conscientious sub-editor to convert her before roaming so far away from his present sphere of usefulness as to hunt for Lascars who, at the best, were comparatively torpid until they had a knife in one's ribs.

While still indulging in a pleasing reverie on this important subject, the office boy ushered in the closely veiled object of his thoughts, who somewhat nervously extended her hand and wished him a timid good morning. "All London's talking about it," she said nervously. "People discussed nothing else at Church Parade yesterday. At least, so I am told. They say Archie Vipont is furious."

"Why?" asked the editor in bewilderment. "What's the matter with him? Didn't he want it to be known? He ought to be aware by this time that he is common property, and that it's all for his good."

"Ah, but I'm afraid he isn't aware of it," said the Fair Unknown in a whisper. "Besides, it—it isn't true."

"Isn't true?" asked the sub-editor in amazement. "You told me it was."

"Yes, but I t—t—t—old a lie," said the Fair Unknown, visibly agitated.

"Oh, well, you aren't the first of your sex who has done that," philosophically retorted the sub-editor. "I suppose we shall have to insert a contradiction. It's been done before now. Besides, it will keep the ball rolling."

"Yes, but it—it won't do," said the Fair Unknown, limply.

"Won't do? Why not?"

"He's c—c—coming down here to—t—"

"Ah, yes I have had other people down here to—"

"But he's bringing a horsewhip."

"Ah—h, that's nice," said the sub-editor, with a jubilant air. "It was really growing monotonous here. No exercise at all."

"Well, you'll get plenty presently," declared the Fair Unknown.

The sub-editor struck a little bell. "If Lord Vipont calls, show him in here at once," he said to the office boy. Then he turned to the Fair Unknown, with an air of animation totally different from his usual somewhat listless manner. "When do you expect him?"

"In a few minutes."

The sub-editor looked dubiously round. "I wonder whether there's room," he said, moving a couple of chairs into the opposite corner. "I'll just close this desk and then there can't be any furniture spoilt. One must be economical now-a-days even in one's amusements. Hadn't you better go? If you have any items I'll write them down now, as I may not be able to do so after this forthcoming interview."

The sub-editor felt that the girl regarded him admiringly. "No, I'll stay," she said, with a tremor in her voice. "I'm responsible for this little——." She hesitated for a word.

"Fracas?" asked the sub-editor cheerfully, as he felt his biceps, and squared his shoulders. "What we want in every day literature is a little more reality. We're too much given to dreaming. The savage in us doesn't get a chance. Just a few rounds, and I shall be ever so much better. I'm growing very puddeny. It clears one's brain so."

"I thought," hazarded the Fair Unknown, "that you wanted to be a clergyman."

"So I do," said the sub-editor buoyantly. "My dear girl, have you never heard of the church militant?" And he jubilantly plunged his fist into the eye of an imaginary opponent.

The girl shuddered as a manly step was heard on the stairs. "Here he comes," she cried, with a shiver. "I know his step."

"You wouldn't like to go out?" inquired the sub-editor. "You can stay on the landing if you like till it's all over. There's a little door here."

"No, th—thank you," said the Fair Unknown. "Some fatal fascination forces me to remain. It is my fault, though. Remember that."

"Nonsense," said the sub-editor, as the door angrily opened. "It's a sub-editor's risk. I wish there were more of them." A tall, bronzed young man came quickly into the room, holding a copy of "Top Lights" in his hand. "Good morning," he said quietly, as if endeavoring to repress any traces of excitement, but switching his leg ominously with a light, cutting whip. "Perhaps you will be good enough to inform me who is responsible for this paragraph?" and he pointed to the one about Lord Archie Vipont's impending marriage.

"Certainly," said the sub-editor, cheerfully. "I am. Anything wrong about it?"

"Wrong about it!" ejaculated the young man, rapidly beginning to lose his self-control. "It's a parcel of lies from beginning to end."

"How so? Aren't you going to marry Miss Massington?"

"No, sir, I am not. And it's none of your infernal business if I were. I don't mind about that one bit."

The young man stopped as if he had been shot, and bit his lips with vexation.

"May I ask what it is that you object to?" suavely inquired the sub-editor.

"As I said before, it's no business of yours, but it's the last half of the paragraph. I don't believe it. Now, will you retract, or——" and the whip began to swish ominously.

"No, I don't think so," cheerfully replied the sub-editor. "You see we should look such fools if we admitted we'd made a mistake."

"Then I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," said the young man.

"Thanks, I'm not feeling inclined to be thrashed just now," was the cool reply.

And the fight began. It only terminated because want of condition began to tell on the sub-editor. He made a valiant struggle, but his visitor had thews of iron and sinews of steel. So it came to pass that the sub-editor found himself jammed down on the floor, while Lord Archie fell round for the whip, which he had dropped during the scuffle.

"Apologise," cried Lord Archie, as his fingers grasped the whip.

"I'll be hanged if I——"

The whip was raised ominously and about to descend on the sub-editor's form (the combat began) when the Fair Unknown shrieked, rushed out from her corner, and wrested the whip away from the muscular youth.

"Let him alone, Archie. Let him alone," she cried passionately. "It was all my doing. I wanted to show you I didn't care."

The sub-editor took advantage of the dramatic pause which ensued to get up and dust himself. "Floor isn't as good as it might be," he said, cheerfully. "If you'll excuse me I'll go out on the landing until I'm wanted." He took a chair and went out. The youth remained gazing at the floor with growing embarrassment.

"Oh, Constance, you!" was all he said, but there was a world of reproach in his tones.

The Fair Unknown's veil had come off. There were tears in her exquisite eyes, but none in her voice. "I—I did it," she said.

"What for?" asked the young man, making a step toward her.

"Horsewhip me first and I'll tell you," she breathed. "Do please, do. I want to be horsewhipped."

The young man threw down the whip with an inarticulate cry. "For heaven's sake, Constance, tell me the meaning of this mad freak."

"I—I—oh, Archie!" And the floodgates were opened.

"What did you do it for?" he asked when the agony had abated.

"You were so p—p—poor, and I—I wanted to make it up," she said. "I thought it would rouse you."

Lord Archie went to the door. "Mr. Editor?"

"No, no; you do me too much honor," said the sub-editor, looking up from his writing pad. "I'm only a sub. Just throw me out my spectacles."

"Will you have the goodness to come in, accept my apology, and make a correction in that paragraph to which I referred just now?"

"With pleasure," said the sub-editor, "it's all 'copy,' you know."

"Just alter the name to Lady Constance Hammersley and drop out the consolation business; that's all."

The sub-editor did it. "I'm afraid you've imposed upon me," he said, benignantly regarding Lady Constance. "Nothing but your youth and—and your charm of manner could possibly excuse you."

Lady Constance gave him her hand. "You are the kindest man in the world."

"I don't want to be offensive," said Lord Archie, radiant with happiness, "but can't I do anything for you, you know? I'm beastly rich."

"And I'm beastly poor," said the sub-editor, cheerfully. "There's one favor I'd like to ask of you, though."

"Name it," they said eagerly.

"If you'd let me keep that whip. It will serve for a reminder when I'm getting soft. I've had enough of this business. In the parlance of our classical nineteenth century drama, 'I'm going to chuck it.'"

And he did. Possibly he might have blossomed out as a full-fledged editor some day; but, strangely enough, he is attending to Lord Archie's colliers up in the North and "training on" for the church. If he carries out his intention he will probably be the first curate who ever carried off first prize for a bull pup at a local show. And he is no longer "soft," but can throw a coal-heaver in a wrestling bout with ease. Curiously enough he is recognized by his Northern friends, who know nothing of the past, as "Top Lights," owing to a habit he has of pushing his spectacles back when about to enforce arguments of any kind. If his spectacles are thrust high on his forehead, people always know that "Top Lights" means business, and get out of the way accordingly.

[The End.]

THE PRIZE DOG.

Yesterday afternoon I strolled into the office of my friend, Dr. Blank, hoping to have a quiet smoke and a bit of good comfortable chat with him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. The doctor had just gotten back to the office from luncheon, and looked like he'd been run through a patent clothes-wringer.

"What's the matter, doc; are you sick?" I asked, surveying his dilapidated appearance.

"No; I'm dead," he said faintly, as he sank into a chair and felt his own pulse.

"Grippe?" I inquired, laconically, but still concernedly, the doctor's appearance was so pitiable; nothing short of abject, in fact.

"Grip!" he shouted, leaving go his hold on his wrist and letting his arms flop loosely over the sides of the chair. "Why, man, I've lost my grip."

"Don't say that, old man," I said, soothingly. "Brace up, do, and tell me what's the matter. Bank hasn't failed on you, has it?"

"No, worse than that," he said, dolefully. "Old man, you know my wife?"

"I do, and a prettier, more charming, woman I don't know. Hasn't left you, doc, old fellow, has she?"

"Not yet," he said feebly, "but you know my dog, Dusky?"

"Not the famous 2-year-old that brought you the pile at the bench show last week?" I said.

"The same."

"Somebody stolen him?"

"No," said the doctor fiercely. "I wish somebody had about five hours ago. But say, old man, did I ever happen to mention to you just how much Dusky has netted me in prizes?"

"Why, I was up at your house to dinner the day after the show," I answered, "and I think I heard you tell your wife it was $500."

"Oh, Lord!" the doctor groaned. "That's what she says. Well, in truth, it was only $50, and I spent that on a supper to some of the boys after the show. But, you see, my wife has never just fancied Dusky."

"I see," I answered, as he seemed to expect me to respond.

"THE HAT AND CAPE, OH, WHERE WERE THEY?"

"No, she never has fancied Dusky," he went on, "despises him, in fact; and as a sort of inducement to her to tolerate the pup, so to speak, I drew that prize story a little strong."

"Did it work?" I asked.

"Work?" he answered, "well, I should say, like a steam engine, by gad—like a steam engine on a broken bridge. It carried death and destruction in its train. You see, that prize yarn didn't make her like Dusky and more, but it did make her tolerate him. That's the way with a woman, you know—you can't buy her affection, but you can her toleration. Well, that's where my trouble lay. My wife came to regard Dusky as a valuable possession, and as I was in constant fear of his being stolen, she put herself about considerably to look after his safety. Well, this morning she went upstairs to visit a friend in the next flat, and locked Dusky in her room to keep him from getting away. She chanced also to leave her new hat and her fur cape lying on the bed in the same room."

"So did I," said the doctor. "I got in just as my wife came downstairs, and when we opened the door, behold Dusky! The hat and cape, oh, where were they? Ask of the pup that all around with fragments strewed the floor!"

"Complete wreck were they?"

"Complete," he said, "and what's more, so'm I. You see, my wife had me. 'It's all right, wifey,' I said as she tearfully surveyed the gay smacking his chops over the ruin he had effected, just get a new hat and cape and send me the bill. 'Oh, Tom,' she said, 'you are just as good as you can be, and would you mind giving that $500 Dusky won for you the other night? And then if you'd add another hundred or so, I could get the swellest sealskin jacket and a hat trimmed in mink tails to match.'

"Oh, Lord! old fellow," he went on, "you are not married, so you don't know what this business means to me. Before luncheon was over my wife decided she would need a new fur-trimmed hat. I'm afraid to go home to dinner lest she will want a trap and a pair of horses. I tell you, I see endless possibilities looming up before me. I shouldn't wonder if she demands a silver service and a yacht of her own before the week is out. Good-by, old fellow, and when you hear of my failure, know that all is sacrificed on the altar of Dusky. Expect suicide at any time, and tell the wienerwurst man at the corner you know where he can get a dog for nothing."

Perfectly Obvious.

"Sammy Soakes," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction.'"

"Noun," replied Sammy.

"What gender?"

"Masculine gender."

"Indeed!"

"Yes'm. If it was feminine it would be 'femalediction.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

To Make Tamales.

We are under obligations to Mrs. K., of Warner, Cal., for the following reply to a request in this column for a method of making tamales:

"Like other articles of food, there are many ways of making tamales. An Indian woman lately made some in my kitchen which were delicious. She cooked a chicken, until it would drop from the bones, in three pints of water; seasoned it well with salt and red pepper while cooking. After removing the chicken from the broth which was now only one quart, she added more salt and pepper, and thickened it with corn meal to a thick mush. She had ready a quantity of dry corn husks, which she softened with hot water. Taking a husk and dropping a spoonful of mush in it, she then put about as much minced chicken on the mush, which she had spread quite thin; then covered it with another husk, which also had the mush in it. Each end was then tied with a strip of husk wound round, and one round the center also. The ends were trimmed off, and when she had made up the whole batch, she dropped them in a kettle of boiling water, letting them boil two hours. Eat them hot from the husks. They are excellent when cold, for lunches."

Wade Hampton.

Who is Wade Hampton? Is he of purely Caucasian blood? Give sketch of his history."—G. M. I., White Oak, W. Va.

Wade Hampton is perhaps the most famous South Carolinian of the present generation. He is the grandson of Wade Hampton, who served with distinction in the Revolution under Marion and Sumter, and was a major general in the war of 1812. He was, in his time the wealthiest planter in the United States, and owned 3,000 slaves. His son, also named Wade, was also in the war of 1812, and was acting inspector general and aide to Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815. His son, also named Wade, is the man about whom you inquire. He was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1818. He served in the legislature of the state, and when the war broke out raised a command of infantry, cavalry and artillery, and soon won distinction. He received a painful wound in the foot at Seven Pines. He was made brigadier general of cavalry, and served under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself, and received three wounds. He was made major general soon after, and in 1864 was raised to lieutenant general. After the war, he returned to his plantation, and in 1878 lost a leg by accident. He was elected to the United States Senate shortly after, and served until 1891.

Bryan's Nomination.

"Was not the nomination of Bryan on a free silver platform concocted in Wall street and Washington, by the leading politicians of the two old political parties, for the purpose of bursting up the Populist party, and the sound element in the West?"—L. P., Marion, Ind.

Certainly not. The people in the East pay no attention to the Populist party, regarding it as a mere political vagary, which, like so many others have done, will die a natural death. We can not imagine what should make you believe such an absurd story. You should spend a year traveling in the Eastern cities, and in the manufacturing centers. You would find your views much changed.

Bryan's nomination was due to himself largely. The scheme of the free silver leaders at Chicago was to nominate Senator Teller. The men in this scheme were the free silver Senators. Teller's withdrawal from the Republican national convention at St. Louis was part of the scheme. Bryan was selected to make a red-hot speech, to secure the adoption of the free silver plank of the platform. He saw his opportunity—in fact, had planned for it; and made a speech which made him the nominee of the convention. The sound-money men of the East would doubtless have preferred Teller as a candidate, as he could not have roused the uninformed masses of voters to that pitch of enthusiasm which Bryan succeeded in doing.

Civil Service Reform.

"Will you kindly give a brief history of civil service, when and how it originated, and of its workings in the past ten years?"—J. M. L., Clear Spring, Md.

By the "civil service" is meant all offices in the civil departments of the government; that is, all that are not military or naval. You evidently mean "civil service reform" when you speak of "civil service." Andrew Jackson first instituted the practice of removing all office-holders under the national government and replacing them by men of his own politics. The evils of this "spoils system," were often discussed, but never acted upon until January 16, 1883, when the first bill for reforming the civil service became a law. The law has been strengthened by amendments, and has been gradually extended in its operations, until it covers the majority of offices in the United States. The most numerous class not under its provisions are postmasters.

First Newspaper in America.

"Who published the first newspaper in America, and what was its name?"—F. T. K., Edmia, Ala.

The first American newspaper was issued at Boston, Sept. 25, 1690. It was printed by Richard Pierce and published by Benjamin Harris, and was intended to be issued once a month, but was immediately suppressed by the authorities. It was entitled "Publick Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestick." The next American newspaper was the Boston News Letter, published by John Campbell, which appeared first on April 24, 1704, and was issued weekly until 1776.

Hoke Smith.

"I have often heard it asserted that Hoke Smith (the late Secretary of the Interior) married Capt. Wirz's daughter (Capt. Wirz, in command of the Andersonville prison). Is this assertion correct?"—H. C. M., Columbus, Kas.

We have no means of knowing. Why not write to Mr. Smith himself, at his home in Atlanta, Ga.?

Woman Suffrage.

"What states allow woman suffrage? Do they vote in state and national elections? What is the condition of these states, financially and educationally, with the neighboring states?"—J. G. G., Nasbie, Va.

Women are allowed equal suffrage with men at all elections, without exception, in Colorado and Wyoming. In Montana, all women who are taxpayers have the same voting privilege as men.

The granting of full suffrage to women has no material effect, upon either the educational or financial condition of these states. It is all a figment of the imagination to suppose that it should have. Women are not in advance of men in wisdom, or in knowledge of sound financial principles, or in methods of education. The real influence of any generation of women is shown in the next generation of their children. The training of children is the peculiar field of the mothers of the nation.

In the following states, women have a restricted right of voting, chiefly on taxation and school matters: Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont and Wisconsin. We can not answer your other question.

Pension Money.

"Is real estate or personal property, bought by veterans of the late rebellion, with pension money received from the government, subject to taxation?"—Mrs. E. B., Corryville, Pa.

The source of money in the accumulation of real and personal property is not considered in the collection of taxes. The property of war veterans is not exempt from taxation. One or two states have such laws—New York being one; but the other states have not.

Civil Service.

"Will not civil service reform, if followed up, as certain politicians would like, finally result in a kind of monarchy?"—G. L. P., Marion, Ind.

No; how could it? Is it not absurd to suppose that filling the clerkships, etc., under the government with competent men, irrespective of politics, can endanger the government?

Denomination of Bills.

"In what sized denominations are the different kinds of our legal tender paper currency issued; and are any bills issued running as high as $10,000?"—F. E. K., Cynthiana, Ind.

Legal tender paper currency is issued in denominations of $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000.

Concerning the Presidents.

"Can you tell me how many Presidents used tobacco and liquors, from the first to the present, and the dying words of each one who was conscious at his death?"—G. T. H., Tallahoma, Tenn.

It is impossible to answer such questions. The personal habits of men are not made matters of record by their biographers, as a rule. As to their dying words, we know of no authoritative collection of them.

One Real Pieces.

"A Nashville paper says there never were any 12½-cent pieces coined in the United States at any time. Some old men here say they have seen hundreds of them. We have agreed to leave it to you."—R. L. M., Carnesville, Tenn.

There were plenty of 12½-cent pieces in circulation in the United States up to 1857, but they were not coined by the United States. They were of Spanish and Mexican coinage. The Mexican and Spanish dollar was called the peso, and it was equal to eight reals. The Spanish and Mexican silver dollars known as "pillar dollars" were legal tender for $1. The one-real piece was therefore worth 12½ cents, the half-real 6¼ cents, the two-reals 25 cents, and the four-reals 50 cents. These coins all were in circulation up to the passage of the act of February 21, 1857, which provided that the two-real piece should be received by the treasury for 20 cents, the one-real at 10 cents, and the one-half real at 5 cents, and should be recoined into American silver. This act repealed the legal tender of all foreign coins, and they, as a result, all went into the treasury and were recoined.

Washington's Birthday.

"Will you please explain why we celebrate February 22 as Washington's birthday? In Irving's Life of Washington, he says George Washington was born February 11, 1732."—A. G. D., Standard, Okla.

The reform in the calendar made by Pope Gregory was adopted by act of parliament in Great Britain in September, 1752, the 3d of that month being called the 15th, to make the calendar conform to the fact. This act, of course, was obeyed in the American colonies, as it was before the Revolution. The reckoning before that time was called Old Style, and the new reckoning New Style. Washington was born February 11, 1732, Old Style; and this corresponds to February 22, New Style. Hence we celebrate his birthday on the latter date.

The Rupee.

"How can free coinage restore rupees to parity, while paying American obligations in depreciated dollars?"—C. U., Hypoluxo, Fla.

You appear to misapprehend the reasons why the Indian government refuses to reopen its mints to free coinage of silver. The face value of the rupee, at the ratio of 16 to 1, is a fraction over 49 cents. Its bullion value is about 29 cents. Its current value in India is now about 32 cents, at which it is comparatively stable. The Indian government refused to open the mints because the value of the rupee would inevitably fall to the bullion value. Free coinage cannot raise the value of silver bullion to $1.29 in gold per ounce. Such a thing is beyond the power of any law to do.

Ohio's Vote in 1896.

"Were there not 50,000 more votes counted at the November election in Ohio in 1896 than there were voters in the state, and were not all those fraudulent votes for McKinley?"—G. L. B., Marion, Ind.

No, there was not probably one fraudulent vote cast in Ohio at the Presidential vote of 1896. The vote was the largest the state ever gave, but that was because of the intense interest in the outcome, not because of fraud. There never has been any one in Ohio, Democrat or Populist, who dared make the charge. It was made by some scoundrel in the West, and circulated by irresponsible newspapers. It would be impossible to cast 1,000 fraudulent votes in any election without immediate detection, under our stringent election law.

Quantitative Money Theory.

"Please give arguments for and against the quantitative theory of money."—G. J. R., Burrton, Kan.

The theory is that prices depend upon the volume of money, and not on its value. This was true if you can imagine a time when men used only coin, and did not know anything of credit. In fact, if gold was scarce, men would be willing to exchange more for it than before—that is, prices would fall; and if gold were plenty, its holders would be willing to exchange more of it for what they needed—that is, prices would rise.

This, however, is pure theory. As soon as men learned how to make notes, to give credit, etc., it would no longer be true. At the present time, something like 95 per cent of the various kinds of monetary transactions is done by an exchange of credits, without the use of actual money; and the volume of money has not had any effect upon prices in this country for the last half century or more.

Our Gold Coins.

"Please give the dimensions of the gold coins of United States money—or, in other words, what is or has been the smallest coin in gold coined in the United States?"—L. B. S., Mayview, Wash.

The gold coins of the United States now coined are, the double eagle, weight 516 grains; the eagle, 258 grains; half eagle, 129 grains; quarter eagle, 64.5 grains. The $3 and $1 gold pieces are no longer coined.

The gold dollar is the smallest gold coin in the United States ever authorized by law; but quarter dollars were coined of gold in California from 1853 to 1881, each weighing one-fourth as much as a gold dollar. Some were circular in shape, and some octagonal.

The Fourteenth Amendment.

"Has Congress the power, under the fourteenth amendment, section 2, of the constitution of the United States, to reduce the representation of South Carolina and Mississippi in Congress?"—Subscriber, Kennamer Cove, Ala.

The representation of any state can be reduced, under that amendment, if the state denies to any class of citizens the right to vote for any or all of the offices named in the second section of the amendment. Congress has, in that case, the power to reduce the representation in the proportion of the whole number of male citizens denied the right to vote, to the whole number of male citizens in the state.

Restoration of Pension.

"I was granted a pension under act of June, 1890, and drew same for two years. Under Hoke Smith's administration it was taken from me, on the ground that my disability was not of a pensionable degree. Can I be restored again to the rolls without again proving my disability, or can one commissioner of pensions set aside or overrule the decision of a former commissioner?"—Soldier, Bowling Green, O.

A commissioner of pensions can rescind or reverse the order of a previous commissioner, if he has good reason to do so. The best way for you to do is to apply again, stating the facts of the case, and asking that you be not only restored to the rolls, but that you shall receive arrearages from the time your pension was taken away.

Natural Gas.

"Please give a description and the uses of natural gas. Some here say gasoline is made from natural gas. Some seem to think it is used in liquid form."—R. G., Cimarron, Kan.

The natural gas in Ohio and Indiana is found in the Trenton limestone, which underlies this entire section at a depth of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. Gas and water bored down into this rock and the gas is forced out, the rock pressure being originally something like 350 pounds to the square inch, but is now much less. Natural gas is as colorless as air, but has a strong sulphur smell. It is not in liquid form, of course. It is conveyed in pipes and burned in stoves, furnaces, etc. Gasoline is made from petroleum.

Recognition of the Confederacy.

"What nations if any, recognized the Confederate States as belligerents?"—J. N. L., Ridgeville, Ind.

All of the great European nations except Russia recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy. The Confederate government sent ambassadors abroad to secure recognition of its independence, but this effort met with failure.

Island of Tiburon.

"Will you please give a description of the Island of Tiburon and its inhabitants, situated in the Gulf of California?"—G. H. N., Independence, Kan.

Very little is known definitely of Tiburon. A story was printed widely a short time ago that a party who landed on the island found it inhabited by a tribe of Indians magnificent in physical development, and that this had been secured by the practice for generations of killing off all the weak, deformed and infirm, so that only the strongest and best survived, but this has not been confirmed.

Concerning Chancellorsville.

"What regiment of infantry covered Gen. Hooker's retreat, or was the last regiment leaving the field at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., in May, 1863, and what company of artillery was in position on the hill just in front of the Chancellor house, that being Hooker's headquarters?"—J. T. J., Union, Kan.

We have nothing which gives the facts for which you ask. Will some reader who knows please send the facts, and state how they can be verified?

Faith in Hood's

The Great Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla Are Indeed Marvelous.

"My husband suffered with stomach trouble so bad at times he could not work. He has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is helping him wonderfully. He also had a scrofulous humor but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured this and he has had no trouble with it since. My little boy, too, has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given him a good appetite. We have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. H. EDWARDS, 50 Edinburg St., Rochester, New York. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

It is fitting that at the Christmas time a book like The Story of Jesus Christ, written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, should be considered. The work of this author has always a claim upon the public. Nothing that she has ever produced wears the garb of hasty or ambitious thought, but always there seems back of it, even if there be no definite purpose, such strength and purity, such a love for humanity that its influence is inspiring and uplifting.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The volume is a large one containing more than 400 pages. It is a review of the whole life of the Nazarene from his birth to his death. The author has closely followed the story as told in the New Testament, but enlarging and amplifying each detail. She has often reached a marvelous beauty of description, touching the incidents with the fire of her own enthusiasm. Sometimes, indeed often, she uses short, crisp sentences, pouring them forth in rapid succession with great effect. Occasionally, in parts, this becomes monotonous, and seems almost a trick, and yet we know that it is not, for this author is too true to herself, to her art, to her own high convictions, to resort to anything of that kind for sensation. The feeling comes, I think, from the readers failure to rise to the height of inspiration and warmth of realization which the writer occupies.

The volume will appeal to many hearts. As a literary work it does not seem to me equal to A Singular Life, nor do I believe it will add greatly to the author's fame. And yet it is, in many ways, very beautiful, and will, no doubt, help many to a better realization of the life and the death of Jesus of Nazareth.

The scene of the story which is told under the title of A Daughter of Strife is laid in London in 1710. The heroine of the first part is Anne Champion, "a straw-plaiter by trade, and by hard fortune a beauty." She is betrothed to a fine young man, a surgeon, who is living in Flanders. She is unmarried and cannot even write to that they do not often hear from each other. Finally, one comes to her from Flanders with a letter from her Sebastian, but the stranger, falling instantly in love with her beauty, deceives her with the lie of her lover's marriage. Anne is no fool but a strong woman whose heart is wrung by the faithlessness of the man upon whom she has poured out all the tenderness of her nature.

In her bitterness she finally falls into the trap set for her by Richard Meadowes whom she knows as Richard Sundon, and marries him in time, honestly, as she thinks, but in truth deceived by a false marriage. And then the time comes when she learns that Dick Sundon has lied to her, and she goes away from him and from her child into the outer darkness.

It is wonderfully strong writing that Jane Findlater has done in this story, into which there is little that is bright enters. There is not a weak character among those to whom the reader is introduced in this first part which I have touched upon, unless it be the false minister.

JANE FINDLATER.

As I said before, Jane Findlater has written another strong story, which Dodd, Mead & Company have given to the public.

The Juggler is the latest novel by Miss Murfree, so much better known as Charles Egbert Craddock. The story has its action, like all of her works, in the mountains and among the mountaineers, although the principal character is an outsider.

The story is told with the strength of the author, but it is not an especially pleasant one, and does not leave an agreeable impression when it is laid aside.

Another volume by the same writer is one made up of short stories published under the title of The Young Mountaineers. They are ten in number, and the following are some of the titles: The Mystery of Old Daddy's Window; Way Down in Poor Valley; A Mountain Storm; The Conscript's Hollow, and others. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the publishers of both volumes.

I never read a German story from the pen of Heinburg, but I find myself wishing the translation could have been made by Mrs. Wister. It was so with Defiant Hearts, recently published by R. F. Fenno & Co., of New York. The translators have done a fairly good piece of work for the story, but some of the fascination given by Mrs. Wister is wanting.

They concern the old historical characters, these Untold Tales of the Past which Beatrice Harraden has now told in a way to win the attention of the boys and girls for whom she has intended them. We know about the Vikings of the North, but the bravest of them all was a stranger till now; the goldsmiths of Cheapside we have heard of, but Master Maxwell and his apprentice pere hidden away in the by-gone years; Joan of Arc was a familiar name, but dear little Pierre, who lost his life at the coronation we hear of now for the first time; and so on with all of the pretty stories told by Miss Harraden, and collected together and put into a volume for the young people by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York. They are all illustrated, too, by drawings made especially for each story by H. R. Millar, and very funny some of them are. There will be some boys and girls, I doubt not, who will be made happy with the book.

The opening words of In Portia's Gardens are these: "To pack as much sunshine and happiness into each 24 hours as is consistent with the exercise of every virtue and every duty,—do you know a better guide for the conduct of life than that?" Then the author, William Sloane Kennedy, in musical English, goes on to show how he manages to obtain pleasure from things in nature which he observed from a hill-croft a few miles from the golden dome of Boston. It is a chapter upon sweet odors—Sweet Brier and Wild Cherry, he names it—and it is full of delight.

Some of the other chapters in the volume are called by these titles: Back Into the Sunshine; The Enchanted Forest; Flowers and Birds; High Noon of the Year; The Sere and Yellow Leaf, and Lengthened Shadows. It is prettily gotten up, and issued by Bradlee Whidden, Boston.

The Children of the Night, is a book of poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson, which is issued in neat style by Richard G. Badger & Company, Boston. The first poem in the book gives it its name, and shows something of the general character of the collection, which has, however, a wide range of subjects.

The Golden Day and Miscellaneous Poems, by William T. Dumas, is, as its name denotes, a volume made up of poems which begin with Cock-Crowing, and follow through the day in the Sunny South. Some of the work is very fine, and all of it expresses the fervor of a real poetic spirit. Among the best is The Cyclone, which shows how the "hot impassioned south wind" steals northward and finally becomes cyclonic and devastating. Golden Day is a pretty bit, and Star-Jasmine. So, too, is the Fireplace of ye Olden Time, and Grandmother's Garden. Those who have ever lived in the South will appreciate these poems, because they breathe so much of the spirit of the old times. The volume is an octavo of 144 pages, published by the Levytype Co., Philadelphia.

The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief, is an essay written many years ago by Dwight Hinckley Olmstead, and first published now by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It was read in 1856 before the Young Men's Christian Union, of New York. Twenty years after it was printed, and some copies gratuitously distributed, but none put on sale. It was said at that time by certain reviewers that Mr. Olmstead was many years in advance of the prevailing religious thinkers and teachers.

A book containg much that is helpful, much that will give strength and wisdom to the earnest reader, is one entitled Studies in Home and Child Life, recently issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co., of New York. The author, Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, says some most earnest words, first in regard to what shall be done in order to make the "home a place where true men and women may be trained." The work of the home, she says, once done, well or ill, must remain forever. She believes that the home work is of infinitely more importance than the housework, although the latter often receives the most attention.

The Tea Cup Club is a humorous and satirical little book written by Elisa Armstrong, and published by Way & Williams, Chicago. A half-dozen unmarried young society women organize for mental cultivation, selecting for their president, however, a friend who has been married long enough to give them sundry and helpful information from the inside as how to understand and manage a man. At each meeting one of the grave and weighty questions of the day is set up for discussion and solution, such as "Man's Real Attitude Toward the Poor," "Man's Views of Woman." They never get at the question, spending the whole hour in gossip, digs at each other, slaps at this or that person of their acquaintance, and every meeting is adjourned with some such remark from the president as this: "Well, we must adjourn now, and I must say that I have never heard a subject more logically discussed than the one today."

A Book of True Lovers, by Octave Thanet, is just issued by Way & Williams, Chicago. The book contains seven short stories which have previously been published in the magazines and are now collected in this volume. Some of these tales are charming, all of them finely written, and the book a delightful one to read.

Harper and Brithers issue for the holidays, although it will be a good work for all seasons of the year, especially to those interested on the sea,—a series of pictures under the title of All Hands, showing the life in the United States Navy. There are six double-page and 37 full page drawings and many smaller sketches, the work of Rufus Fairchild Logbaum. Mr. Logbaum has evidently made close observations and has united to these a real spirit of comprehensiveness of what he saw so that the results are vivid and entertaining. Here there are a crowd of grown-up children at play, there a band of stern-faced men; now wildly excited over a lost race, again kindled to heroism by a man overboard, or the terrible cry of fire. Pathos, hard reality, easy-going jollity, mental concentration, and animal exuberance are all depicted. The inevitable feeling when we close the book is that one has learned a good deal about our war-ships and tars, and that it was well worth learning.

A very pritty story is Meg Langholme, by Mrs. Molesworth. Indeed it is only necessary to mention this author to make sure that the book is pure and wholesome, and one that may be placed in the hands of all young people without fear. This one is no exception. Meg interests the reader, young or old, from the time when she is introduced as a very little girl playing in her father's garden, to the end, when, after a long series of complications which brought her much sadness, the sunshine of happiness comes into her life. It is published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A brightly written, but decidedly sensational story is Rita's latest entitled The Sinners, a name which, in itself, promises trouble. And there is a tragedy, a sad one, though some brightness comes at the end of the story. The reader follows the pretty Nellie through the trying ordeals which she is obliged to pass, and the brave Deborah Gray, who suffered, and yet whose safety and happiness came from that suffering. There is nothing pleasant in the story, though it will hold the reader from the end, and he will rejoice that villainy is finally unmasked and power to do more harm is taken away from the Sinner. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are the publishers.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, also issue The Golden North, by C. R. Tuttle, illustrated with maps and engravings. He describes this North as a vast country of inexhaustible gold fields and a land of illimitable cereal and stock raising capabilities. He says that hard by the gold fields are vast alluvial plains stretching up to the sixty-fifth parallel, where farming may be carried on without limit and with great profit. This will be new to many people, and will, doubtless, have the effect of sending more people to that country to try their fortune.

Sir Toady Lion is the prominent name on the title page of a somewhat remarkable book written by S. R. Crockett. Within, the reader discovers that Sir Toady's distinguished position before the public is partly by courtesy partly by desert, and for the rest, because he was a clever little chap and nearly related to General Napoleon Smith, the real hero of the story. The full title of the book is The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion, with those of General Napoleon Smith. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Pictures from the Life of Nelson, by W. Clark Russell, will be hailed with pleasure by every person who has learned something of that writer's charm in every description he attempts of sea life. "One wants to know how they fought in Nelson's time," says the author. "We can think of nothing but the ironclad and the torpedo in this age. The brilliants of to-day will not fight their ships as they did when admirals and captains were dependent on the wind." As Mr. Russell seeks to make descriptions real pictures, and that is what he does most successfully. The book is more entertaining than other stories of Nelson, because Mr. Russell wrote it. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Pacific Shores, by Oliver Optic, closes a valuable series of tales by this favorite author. It is the twelfth and last volume of the All-over-the-World Library. As indicated in the preceding volumes the purpose of the voyage described is the education of the hero, Louis Belgrave, who has come into possession of his grandfather's property. The present volume covers an extended stay in Japan, where all the principal points of interest are visited. From the land of the Mikado the party proceeds to Australia and New Zealand and thence to America, stopping for a week's stay at the Fiji Islands. The young travelers have their full share of exciting adventure, while the author never loses sight of his purpose in writing the series; that is, the conveyance of useful information. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

The Happy Six is another delightful story by Penn Shirly and little folks will hall it with new delight. It is more about The Happy Five, who have taken a new recruit into their ranks, and after some very interesting experiences in sunny California, are taken on a trip to the East and on a voyage across the Atlantic and a journey through beautiful and enchanting France. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Guarding the Border, a story of the conflict between this country and England in 1814 along the lakes, is one of the new books for boys, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author is Everett T. Tomlinson, and he has prepared for the boys a very enjoyable tale of individual adventures and escapes and at the same time brought out the actual historical lines clearly and in a way to fix them well in the memory of his young readers.

Twelve Naval Captains is the title of a work written by Molly Elliott Seawell and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The men were of that brilliant time, 1798 to 1815, and first among them to be mentioned is, of course, Paul Jones. The others are Richard Dale, Truxton, Bainbridge, Preble, DeCatur, Hull, Stewart, Perry, Macdonough and Lawrence.

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Alkavis Shrub, is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disorders of the Kidneys and urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. S. Darling, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the New York World of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis, after, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and Bladder Diseases of long standing comes from many other sufferers, and 1,200 hospital cures have been recorded in 30 days. Up to this time the Church Kidney Cure Co., No. 418 Fourth ave., New York, are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of the WEEKLY BLADE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

DIDN'T QUIET HIM.

It was a day coach on a Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton train, and it lacked three minutes of starting time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. A long-nosed, thin-lipped man, accompanied by a "carpet-sack," which he guarded with jealous care, and whose home might have been in any rural community, but who appeared to be on his way back to Indiana, occupied a seat. To be accurate, he occupied two seats, for his feet reposed on the plush cushion in front of him. A dapper, business-like man, with a couple of grips came in and sat down in the seat right back of the old gentleman. The latter was immediately interested.

"Goin' far, Mister?" he inquired, turning around.

The dapper man gave his questioner a long look.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm on my way to San Francisco. My business there is to sell all the goods in my line that I possibly can. I am from Louisville. I got into this town at 9:45 this morning, and my train was forty-five minutes late. I had my breakfast about an hour ago, and it cost me 60c. My name is William Jones. I have a wife and four children, and belong to the Baptist Church. I was formerly a druggist, but sold out to a man named Smith. I am a Democrat, and always vote. I am worth about $20,000. My father was a civil engineer, and my grandfather was a contractor. My wife's name was Brown before I married her. Her mother is still living. All of my near relatives are dead."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him for a moment with interest, and then asked in a dissatisfied way, "What did your great-grandfather do for a living?"

Hadn't Thought of That.

"I'd like to know," exclaimed the enraged client, "why I ought to feel jubilant over the outcome of this case."

"Didn't we obtain a verdict for $10,000?" the lawyer asked.

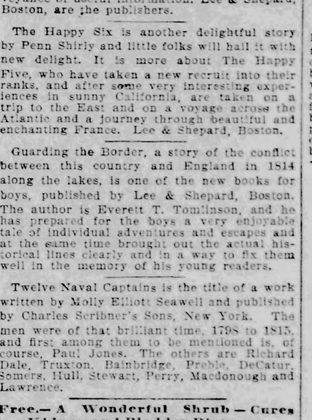
"Yes, but you got about all of it. What good does it do me?"

"My dear sir, the other fellow feels just as bad as if every cent of it were going into your pocket!"

Economy.

Bobson—What's your object in blowing yourself so over Hamby that bum actor? You must have spent at least $10 just filling him with things to eat and drink last night.

Wimby—Sh! This is on the dead quiet. I'm working him for a pass to the show.—Cleveland Leader.



"GOIN' FAR, MISTER?"

Great Drop in Drugs.

Dear Editor. We are selling almost every known drug and remedy, every known instrument and appliance, at lowest wholesale prices. Some remedies others sell as high as $1.00 to $2.00, our price is 25 cents. Our special Drug Catalogue will be sent free postpaid to any of your readers who will cut this notice out and send to us. Very truly,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

COULDN'T TRAP HER.

Mary, the Celtic maid, was intelligent, neat and efficient, but too talkative, says Harper's Bazar. She talked during the day to any one she happened to meet about the house, and she talked while serving the table—a grievous fault. At last her mistress was compelled to take her to task.

"Mary," she said, "you have a very bad habit of talking while serving the table, and you must stop it. A good servant, like a good child, should be seen and not heard."

"Shure, mum," protested the honest maid, "oi mint no offinse, and yez'll not be aither hearin' the lofkes of anither worrud from me."

There was a guest at dinner the following night, and Mary was the pink of perfection as a waitress. She was noiseless in her movements, she did precisely the right thing at the right time, and not a "wurrud" escaped her during the repast the hostess suddenly called to mind an important letter she was expecting.

"Mary, did a letter come for me while I was out this afternoon?" she asked, quietly.

Mary smiled the faintest of knowing smiles, yet made no reply. Her mistress was exceedingly annoyed, but, imagining the maid had not heard the question, she repeated it.

The knowing smile became even more pronounced on Mary's face, but she said not a word in response. In lieu thereof she posted herself behind the guest's chair, where the guest could not see her, and grinned a broad grin of cunning.

When her mistress entered the kitchen half an hour later to demand an explanation, Mary smiled the same cunning smile.

"No, yez don't, mum!" she cried, shaking with laughter. "Yez wor thryin' yer bist to ketch me, ol knew bout ol wouldn't spake a loud wurrud in the dinin' room agin orders for tin dollars, bedad!"

"BUT MARY SAID NOT A WORD."

FOR WINTER WEAR.

A Braid-Trimmed Cloth Costume for the Promenade.

There are some of the new costumes that look admirably well in a combination and there are others that are stylish made of one material throughout, with some applied band trimming like braid or the very open-work passementerie. The costume illustrated and taken from The Delineator has a graceful five-gored skirt with the fashionable fan back and a basque that is lengthened by a peplum that ripples at the back only, its ends meeting in a line with the closing of the basque, which is diagonal from the right shoulder to the left side. A jabot is joined to the right front, and as it is lined with shot silk and braid-trimmed the effect is dressy and becoming. Gathers collect the fulness at the top of the stylish two-seam sleeves and a standing collar and velvet belt finish the waist. Fancy frog ornaments and two widths of braid on both skirt and waist give an appropriate decorative finish.

The Alpine hat matches in color the costume and is trimmed with velvet and a bird.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who want it, this recipe, in German, French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PIMA INDIAN FAT BOY.

Federal authorities on the Maricopa and Pima Indian reservation, near Phoenix, Ariz., report the death of Ne-un-ca-ma, the famous Pima fat boy, who was but 15 years old, yet tipped the scales at 440 pounds. Occasionally Ne-un-ca-ma used to come up from the reservation on

NE-UN-CA-MA, THE FAT BOY.

a visit to Phoenix. This was excitement enough for one day in Phoenix. Crowds followed him about the street and stared at him as though he were a curio in a museum. He was a great favorite among his own people, and great preparations were made for his funeral services.

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We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are dealers, buying and selling. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

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(We guarantee that the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITOR.)

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will Not Breed.

B. S., Missouri: To your question, "Will a heifer breed when her mate is a bull?" you are informed that constitutional barrenness generally exists in a heifer twinned with a bull calf. They are called "free martins," and rarely go in heat, and when they do, they fail to conceive. Usually they have a steer-like appearance, though smaller in growth. When their sex organs are examined they are found to be small and ill-developed.

Quarter-Crack in Horse's Hoof.

L. T., Michigan: In quarter-crack the foot should be well poulticed, then clean the part carefully with warm water and soap. Next cut away all lose horn, and clean out the crack with carbolic acid, one part; soft water, ten parts. No sand or other substance should be left in the crack. Some cases will recover by filling the crack with some of the following composition: Beeswax, 4 ounces; yellow resin, 2 ounces; oil of turpentine, 1 ounce; tallow ½ ounce. In a bad case, when the inflammation is out, a bar shoe should be applied to the foot, and the edges of the clasps brought together by applying steel wire clasps. These clasps are applied with an instrument made for the purpose, which may be had of any surgical instrument maker. Another and simple expedient is to cut several notches in one side of the crack, and drive a small horseshoe nail in the wall, passing across the crack and coming out through the well on its other side, where it can be firmly clinched. In case of quarter crack there may be deep-seated disease, and it is always best, if possible, to have a veterinarian examine the foot. The animal should be given a long rest.

**Lymphangitis in Horse.

Talmage's Sermon.

LESSONS IN CORALS.

The Soul Will Grow, Like Coral, Throughout All Eternity.

Washington, Dec. 27.—This picturesque discourse of Dr. Talmage leads his hearers and readers through unwonted regions of contemplation, and is full of practical gospel. Text, Job. xxviii, 18: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Why do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At Saint Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral.

I do not wonder that earnest Hecker, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates cannot even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to depreciate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the seacoasts. No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes his plans for the building of the islands and shores; and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them. Indeed, you cannot appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields for battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are the colors. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and beats the mightiest, and bellows the loudest.

These sea creatures are ever busy. Now they build islands in the center of the Pacific Ocean. Now they lift barriers around the continent. Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their infinitesimal but sublime masonry. At the recession of the tides you may in some places see the top of their Alpine elevations, while elsewhere nothing but the deep sea soundings from the decks of the Challenger, the Porcupine, and the lightning of the British expedition can announce them. The ancient Gauls employed the coral to adorn their helmets and the hilts of swords. In many lands it has been used as amulets. The Algerian reefs in one year (1873) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, yielding in profit $55,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how any one can examine a coral the size of the thumb nail without bethinking himself of God and worshipping him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon, lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cred out to the students: "Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate him." Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate him." Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out: "There is a God, and I adore him."

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets he hangs up for nations to look at; he may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievements I think he has had built for his own delight. In those galleries he alone can walk. The music of those keys, played on by the fingers of the wave, he only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson he alone can see. Having that crimson he alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that he has planted these gardens of the deep to please himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas, and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion; and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstasy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long-continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an outbutting and an out-branching of ages. In Polynesia are reefs hundreds of feet deep and one thousand miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallinos. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations amounting to what vast aggregation? Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundations of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society islands and the Marshall and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart.

You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophyte builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will no finish you. You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. We talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life, as compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia.

You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple, the corner-stone of which has not yet been laid. Oh, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets. You do not scold the corallines because they can not build an island a day. Why should you scold yourself because you can not complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in—patience. If thou canst take, through the sea-anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or fifty years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit. Patience with the erring; patience that we cannot have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays; patience under providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison by false charges, and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said: "The Lord lifted up a standard when the anger was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it."

Patience like that of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pursued him to his own door, hurling at him, epithets, and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says: "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues; the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all ages—Jesus Christ; patient under betrayal; patient under treatment of pilate's over and terminer; patient under the expectoration of his assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand it; hold on, wait, bear up.

Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at sixty degrees north and south of the equator, and you find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. These are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother 30 or 35 years of age, their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers.

They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day in the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after awhile, the wheel of fortune turns up, and the man gets his twenty thousand dollars. Now he has prayers on Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets his eighty thousand dollars. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has two hundred thousand dollars, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his three hundred thousand dollars and no prayers at all. Four-leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than three hundred thousand dollars. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses two hundred thousand dollars out of the three hundred thousand. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a steamboat looking for a Bible under the cabin newspapers on the bookcover. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning and he hears his grandchildren say the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble, and yet it does a great deal for us.

You have heard, perhaps, of that painter who wished to get an expression of great distress for his canvas, and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture, and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to the servant, "More torture," and under more torture there was a more thorough expression of pain, and the artist said: "Stop there; wait till I catch that expression. There. Now I have it upon the canvas. Let loose the victim. I have a work that will last forever." "Oh," you say, "he was an inhuman painter." No doubt about it. Trouble is cruel and inhuman, but he is a great painter, and out of our tears and blood on his palette, he makes colors that never die. O, that it might be a picture of Christian fortitude, of shining hope!

On the day I was licensed to preach the gospel an old Christian man took my hand and said: "My son, when you get in a tight corner on Saturday night, without the sermon, send for me, and I will preach for you." Well, it was a great encouragement to be backed up by such a good old minister, and it was not long before I got into a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, and I sent for the old minister, and he came and preached, and it was the last sermon he ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah! my friends, that is what we all want—somebody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Dr. Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "O," says some one, "why cannot God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! in answering my question you have answered your own. Hot climate for richest developments of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul.

The coral fishers going out from Torre del Greco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of mid-ocean. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say: "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seeming blood scattered all up and down the sea, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Again, I take your hand, and we walk on through this garden of the sea and look more particularly than we did at the beauty of the coral. The poets have all been fascinated with it. One of them wrote:

There, with a broad and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea.
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the ocean
Are bent like corn on the upland lea.

One specimen of coral is called the dendrophilia, because it is like a tree; another is called the cactus, because it is like a star; another is called the brain coral, because it is like the convolutions of the human brain; another is called fan coral, because it is like the instrument by which you cool yourself on a hot day; another specimen is called the organ-pipe coral, because it resembles the king of musical instruments. All the flowers and all the shrubs in the gardens of the land have their correspondences in this garden of the sea. Coralium! It is a synonym for beauty. And yet there is no beauty in the coral compared with our religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features; it does not give features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homliest persons a heaven that shines clear through. So that often, on first acquaintance, you said of a man: "He is the homliest person I ever saw," when, after you came to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance, you said: "He is the lovellest person I ever saw." No one ever had a homely Christian mother. Whatever the world may have thought of her, there were two who thought her fair, your father, who had admired her for fifty years, and you, over whom she bent with so many tender ministrations.

When you think of the angels of God, and your mother among them, she outshines them all. O, that our young people could understand that there is nothing that so much beautifies the human countenance as the religion of Jesus Christ! It makes everything beautiful. Trouble beautiful. Sickness beautiful. Disappointment beautiful. Everything beautiful.

Near my early home there was a place called the "Two Bridges." These bridges leaped the two streams. Well, my friends, the religion of Christ is two bridges. One bridges all the past. It arches and overspans all the future. It makes the dying pillow the landing place of angels fresh from glory. It turns the sepulcher into a May-time orchard. It catches up the dying into full enfoldment. Coralium! And yet that does not express the beauty: "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appennines and they planted for future monuments the Coral Reefs. It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world: "Take this channel;" "take that channel," "avoid this other channel," the coralines beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus unite two great continents, and be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge As a will be united with this continent on the other side; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a sail's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy, "There shall be no more seas."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work or yours. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticized by other artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for 25 years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside, in the evening the family opened a musical instrument and passed the time with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, could not hear the singing, and curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the folio in his hand and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he exclaimed, "I wrote that!" The household sat dumb stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying: "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent."

Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Beethoven's nine symphonies will be the enchantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said: "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the Coralines." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working. I cannot build the Sandwich Islands." Each one atended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich Islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close.

I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corrallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across that land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the corallines went on heaving up the islands, all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red, and out of them all together I make this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up his jewels.

Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hanging on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American railways, caught him as he was falling between the cars of a flying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. Aggregations of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment come to a bridge they are always commanded to break rank, for their simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge at Broughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of temptation, aggregations of sorrow, aggregations of assaults, aggregations of Christian effort, aggregations of self sacrifices! These make up the irresistible power to demolish or uplift, to destroy or to save. Little causes and great results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible from a ship in the harbor of Tokio.

Written on the fly leaf of one of my books, by one whom God took to himself out of our household, were the following words—I do not know who composed them; perhaps she composed them herself:

Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when his mandate lays a mortal low;
Not a leaflet waveth but its God doth see;
Think not then, O trembler, God forgetteth thee.

For more precious surely than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye;
E'en thine hairs are numbered; trust him full and free,
Cast thy care upon him, and he'll care for thee.

For the God that planted in thy breast a soul
On his sacred tables doth thy name enroll;
Cheer thine heart, thou trembler, never faithless be;
He that marks the sparrow will remember thee.

O, be encouraged! Do not any man say, "My work is so small." Do not any woman say, "My work is so insignificant." I cannot do anything for the upbuilding of God's kingdom." You can. Remember the corallines. A Christian mother sat sewing a garment, and her little girl wanted to help her, and so she sewed on another piece of the same garment and brought it to her mother, and the work was corrected. It was imperfect, and had to be all taken out again. But did the mother childe the child? O, no. She said: "She wanted to help me like she did as well as she could." And so the mother blessed the child, and while she blessed the child she thought of herself, and said: "Perhaps it may be so with my poor work at the last. God will look at it. It may be very imperfect, and I know it is very crooked. He may have to take it all out; but he knows that I want to serve him; and he knows it is the best that I can do." So be comforted in your Christian work. Five thousand millions coralines made one coralium. And then they passed away and other millions came, and the work is wonderful. But on the day when the world's redemption shall be consummated, and the names of all the millions of Christians who in all the ages have toiled on this structure shall be read, the work will appear so grand, and the achievement so glorious, and the durability so everlasting that "No mention shall be made of coral."

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat Troubles.

STUCK IN A BARREL.

While on a scouting expedition in the First ward recently in rounding up truants, W. E. Keller, the truant officer, had an unusual experience, says the Pittsburg News. He came across three men near the Duquesne school, who were amusing themselves with a quart of whisky and an empty barrel. They were

HE SAT DOWN MUCH FARTHER THAN HE HAD INTENDED.

carrying the barrel with one hand and holding it at arm's length for the drinks. The man who failed to perform one of the feats with the barrel had to pass the bottle around to the others, and the man who was successful celebrated the event by treating the others out of the bottle. They kept this up until the hoops of the barrel began to be duplicated. Then they stood it with the open end up.

They fell to discussing the matter of pelagic sealing or some other engrossing question, and one of them, whose legs began to wobble, attempted to take a seat on the barrel. The fact that the head was out of it was entirely overlooked by him. He sat down much further than he had intended. Only his feet and his head were left sticking out. The others started to his rescue, but the more they pulled and tugged, the deeper he got into the barrel. Tired out, they stopped for consultation to devise a plan to get him out without breaking the bottle, which he had in his pocket. He was yelling and trying to kick, but could not. His friends reached the conclusion that the best thing they could do was to roll the barrel to a machine shop a block or two away and get the advice of a mechanic. They started to do this, and at every turn it would bring the head of the imprisoned man in contact with the pavement in a stunning way. He was howling and bleeding when Mr. Keller went to his aid.

Mr. Keller took entire charge of the affair. He got the head of the man in the barrel between the feet sticking out of it and worked the body as the tight cork in a bottle is worked. After a few minutes twisting and turning, during which the two others stood cautioning him to be careful owing to the fact that the man in the barrel had the bottle of whisky and it might easily be broken, Mr. Keller felt an easing up. Then he gave a strong pull and nearly landed the man in the middle of the street, but away from the barrel. The two others ran to him, and before he could get from the ground each man had a hand in his inside coat pocket.

"It's safe!" shouted both, joyfully.

Then they took another drink and reprimanded the man who had been in the barrel for his carelessness.

Hard to Understand.

Willy Addlepate—There is one thing I cawn't understand, doncherno?

Cholly Noddlekine—What's that?

Willy Addlepate—Why, when we stop to consider—aw—how uncomfortable it is in a crowd—why, aw—I cawn't see why it is that there are always more people in a crowd than there are where there is no crowd!—Puck.

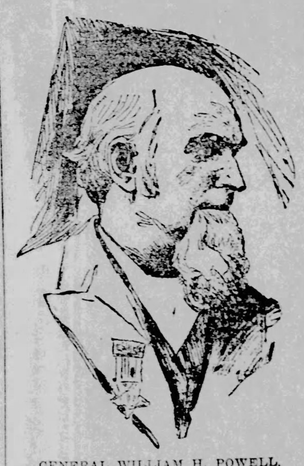
V Good Things

For 15 cents postage:	**I. "Alaska, Land of Gold and Glacier,"** '98 edition. A book with the latest maps, full of illustrations and descriptive matter.
For 4 cents postage:	**II. "The Alaska Map Folder."** Latest, completest, best thing out.
For 4 cents postage:	**III. "The Alaska Bulletin."** *Full of information* that is late and reliable.
For 25 cents postage:	**IV. "Atlas of the Northwest."** It sells in book stores for $2.00. It contains maps of the World, United States and is full of statistics and description.
For 10 cents postage:	**V. "Valley, Plain and Peak."** An illustrated and descriptive book of Northwestern Pacific Coast and Alaskan scenery.

Address F. I. WHITNEY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

M'KINLEY'S COMMANDER.

General W. H. Powell of Belleville, who will be appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Southern Illinois District, is President McKinley's old army commander. He has for many years held a prominent place in the councils of the G. A. R. In 1895 he was elected Commander of the Department of Illinois, and a few months ago was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Society



GENERAL WILLIAM H. POWELL.

of the Army of the Tennessee. His war record is a brilliant one. He entered the army in September, 1861, with a company recruited by himself at Ironton, O. Beginning his service under a captain's commission, his experience in handling large bodies of men peculiarly fitted him as an efficient commander, evidenced by his rapid promotion in his own organization and regiment. His commission as captain bears date of October 8, 1861; major, June 25, 1862; lieutenant colonel, October 25, 1862; colonel, May 7, 1863; brigadier general, October 19, 1864, and brevet major general, March 13, 1865. General Powell was a Presidential elector for West Virginia in 1868, and as messenger cast the vote of that state for Grant. He came to Belleville in 1873, and has ever since been active in the political and commercial affairs of this city and section. General Powell was the organizer of the Western Nail Mill company, and was its president till it went out of business.

FAMOUS GIANTESS.

The tallest woman in America has just died at the City of Mexico. Her height was 6 feet 9 inches. She was born in the state of Sonora, and was in no way remarkable except for her unusual height. For the last few years she has been a familiar figure on the streets of the cap-

TALLEST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

ital of Mexico, where she attracted a great deal of attention from all strangers and travelers. She died at the age of 43. Her name was Magdalena Cicute. She was uneducated and talked the Spanish language with difficulty.

BRILLIANTS.

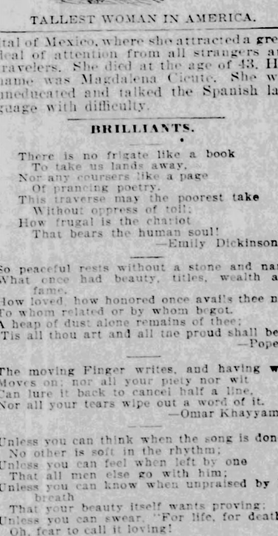
There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears the human soul!
—Emily Dickinson.

So peaceful rests without a stone and name
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How loved, how honored once avail's thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot.
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.
—Pope.

The moving Finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.
—Omar Khayyam.

Unless you can think when the song is done—
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel when left by one
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven between you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, never call it loving!
—Mrs. Browning.



MEN CURED FREE.

The Private Formula of a Noted Physician Sent Free to All Who Write.

WEAKENED MANKIND MAY NOW GRASP A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty. Mr. H. C. Olds, who cured himself after many years' suffering, wants to let other men know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used, so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address, stating he is not writing out of curiosity, but wishes to give the remedy a trial, to Mr. H. C. Olds, Box 1798, Kalamazoo, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in the papers. It is a generous offer, and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity as this.

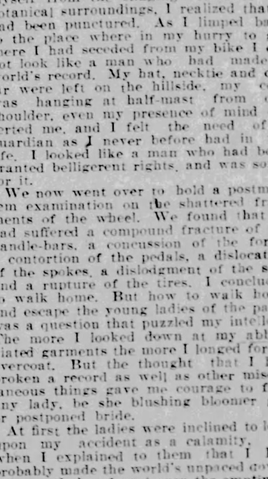
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING
To Test its Wonderful Merit.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the discovery of the eminent physician and scientist and as such is not recommended for everything. It is distinctly a kidney and bladder remedy and has been so wonderfully successful in quickly curing even the most distressing cases of these disorders that if you wish to Prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information both sent absolutely freee by mail. Mention the Toledo Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This liberal offer appearing in this paper is a guarantee of genuineness. The regular sizes are sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar.

BREAKING A RECORD.

I am not a crackajack, declares a writer in the San Francisco Call. It is not my ambition to become either a Ziegler or a Zimmerman; nevertheless I believe I hold the world's unpaced down-hill record. It happened that I was a member of a cycling party that was on a day's outing among the Berkeley hills. For miles we had been ascending, winding in and around the mountains, until at last after tolling up a long grade, we came upon a steep incline that appalled even the stoutest of the group. In fact, the place was used for coasting by boys who had their bravery developed at the expense of their reasoning ability. The whole party had dismounted and were leading their bikes when, with that total disregard for personal danger which I always exhibit in the presence of young ladies, I determined to ride, and started out on what terminated in the greatest road run ever made by any living rider.

Of course the coroner's books may reveal the names of men who made much quicker time down hill than I did. Some



"I MADE A FLYING FINISH."

steep mountain side may be strewn with the remains of the man who made a more remarkable record. The bereaved family of some speedier rider may still be burying him on the installment plan according as they find his remains. But I do not fear contradiction when I claim that I am the fastest down-hill rider of any man who is not extinct. Furthermore, the race was made without any previous training, thus coming under the head of an impromptu, extemporaneous ride.

The moment I started on my downward path I realized that I had made a mistake. Other young men may have fallen from grace, but never before had the downward career of a respectable citizen been so rapid. The overhanging branches tore off my hat and necktie. At every yard my velocity increased and my wardrobe decreased, until at last "Paul Revere's Ride" or Sheridan's mad gallop to Winchester were as nothing compared with my awful anxiety to reach level ground. By this time my wheel had acquired the velocity of a skyrocket. I began to feel that I was entered in a great relay race to eternity. I felt too sacred to pray, and too near death to swear. My heart had almost stopped beating—my dating ribs had almost ceased to float. Suddenly my wheel struck a bowlder and passed about 20 feet further, until, finding myself without visible means of support, I made a flying finish, landing in a clump of blackberry vines, through which I sifted. When I had finally disentangled myself from the clinging embrace of botanical surroundings, I realized that I had been punctured. As I limped back to the place where in my hurry to get there I had scorned my bike I did not look like a man who had made a world's record. My hat, necktie and collar were left on the hillside, my coat was hanging at half-mast from one shoulder, even my presence of mind deserted me, and I felt the need of a guardian as I never before had in my life. I looked like a man who had been granted belligerent rights, and was sorry for it.

We now went over to hold a postmortem examination on the shattered fragments of the wheel. We found that it had suffered a compound fracture of the handle-bars, a concussion of the forks, a contortion of the pedals, a dislocation of the spokes, a dislodgment of the seat and a rupture of the tires. It concluded to walk home. But how to walk home and escape the young ladies of the party was a question that puzzled my intellect. The more I looked down at my abbreviated garments the more I longed for an overcoat. But the thought that I had broken a record as well as other miscellaneous things gave me courage to face any lady, be she blushing bloomer girl or postponed bride.

At first the ladies were inclined to look upon my accident as a calamity, but when I explained to them that I had probably made the world's unpaced down-hill record they forgot even the emptiness of my ward-robe in the fullness of their joy. Every member of the club wanted me to ride home on his or her wheel, while many of the ladies went back to get pieces of my bike as souvenirs. As for myself, I am still giving away souvenir blackberry thorns as fast as I can extract them, and from present indications the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

LIKE THE OLD PILLORY.

In China they still punish offenders in a way that "really hurts," as the children say. Here is a mild form of household punishment. It resembles the old-fashioned Eng-

PUNISHING A SERVANT IN CHINA.

lish pillory. When a great man's servant has been refractory he is made to sit with his head thrust through a hole in a board, which is firmly fastened to the floor.

Only Different.

Mamma—Well, Elsie, what did you learn at school to-day?

Elsie (aged six)—Learned to spell.

Mamma—Now, what did you learn to spell?

Elsie—Man.

Mamma—And how do you spell man?

Elsie (promptly)—M-a-n, man.

Mamma—Now, how do you spell boy?

Elsie (after a moment's reflection)—The same way, only in littler letters.—Town and Country Journal.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 2, JANUARY 9, 1898.
Jesus Tempted.

Golden Text: For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2:18.

(Matt. 4:1-11. Memory verses 4-11.)

Compare Luke 4:1-13 and Hebrews 4:14-16.

1. Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward a hungered.

3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,

6. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11. Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Illustrative Applications.

Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil (v. 1). When we would seem least in danger that we are most in danger. It is when God shows himself as closest to us that the Devil is sure to be near us with evil suggestion. Rising from our knees in prayer, or coming from the communion table, we must not feel that now at least we are safe for a time. As long as we are in the flesh the fight of temptation goes on. The only souls in this life which the devil lets alone are souls which give themselves up to him unresistingly. This is a comforting thought when we find temptations besetting us in moments of most sacred nearness to God. It shows that the devil fears to see us up and we may be sure that God hasn't. Then came and said unto him. If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread (v. 3). "If thou art" what God has said thou art. Don't be too sure. See if God's word amounts to anything. You've nothing to back it. The hardest thing in the world for human nature to believe is the specific promise of God. If we are hungry, it is easy to believe that we can be fed while we have food in our family cupboard. The next easiest thing is to have confidence for to-morrow while we have money in the bank, ready for us to draw it out on check. A simple and positive promise of God that we shall have needful food in due time is not always so easy to rest on. Poor, weak, human nature! How ready to doubt! Surer than the love and fidelity of our best dear ones, or than the honesty of the best bank official on earth, is the sure word of God. That is the only thing that never has failed, and that never will fail. A promise of God is surer than the possession of millions. No, not what we find we can do, but what God has promised that he will do, is our one sure rest for always.

The devil . . set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith, . . If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: And on their hands they shall bear thee up (vs. 5, 6). Presumption comes next to doubt. If we can trust God to provide for us, have we anything to do for ourselves? There is such a thing as relying on God's miracles when we ought to use God-given means. We are in danger of taking to ourselves a promise which no man made to such a purpose as this. If we have food in the cupboard when we are hungry, we have no right to believe that God's promise to feed us is to shut out our duty of using what he has already provided to our hands. If there is a flight of stairs leading from the roof to the ground, proper trust will enable us to go down by them instead of throwing ourselves from the eaves in the hope that angels will bear us up. Miracles are for the help of the trustful in emergencies, not as a substitute for God's appointed means for the benefit of the shiftless or the presuming.

The devil . . sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, . . and said, . . All these things will I give thee, if thou will fall down and worship me (vs. 8, 9). Self confidence is another peril. We want influence. We ought to want it. We want power to benefit our fellows and to serve God. That isn't wrong. But the devil tries to make us think that there is some better way than God's way of getting influence over men. He doesn't ask us to do what we know to be wrong, but he does sometimes ask us to conform to the ways of the world just a little in order to get a better hold on the world. It does now and then seem tempting to yield to questionable social customs and prejudices so far as will enable us to serve God more effectively, although that is not just the way that God says is best. When God says that the cross and the grave are our way to triumph for him, we may be sure that that way is a better way than a chariot of fire to the mountain-top would be, even though all the good people in the world, backed by the word of the devil, says differently.

Then the devil leaveth him; and behold, angels came and ministered unto him (v. 11). Sooner or later, if we are true, the devil will leave us; but God will never leave us. If we have a hard time doing just right, we may be sure that God will more than make our trial a blessing. We shall have a great deal of pain for every little we have suffered. If we look back in life, we shall see that the most joyous times we have had have always followed some great trial in God's service. Therefore we are to count it all joy when we are having a hard time in the path of duty, knowing that resisting the devil and his works brings the special nearness of God through his choicest spiritual messengers. One way of sharing God's loving ministry to Jesus is by trustfully sharing the trials which led the way for God's loving comforting of him.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Professional Jealousy.

The pince-nez—What are you going off the handle about now?

The lorgnette—Did you say I was always making a spectacle of myself?—New York Press.

Turn About.

"Did you enjoy the bear hunt?"

"I en

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the best American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 150,000

TO SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE TIME EXPIRES IN JANUARY.

We are mailing this week to those whose time expires in January, a special proposition for a renewal. Those who do not get this proposition by January 6th, will please write us for a duplicate. The proposition is so favorable that not one will refuse to accept. Instead of an oil painting, we this time offer an Elgin watch in gold filled hunting case, to the one who happens to send us the largest club in January. We do not anticipate large clubs upon the terms offered, and in fact, we do not encourage large clubs. All we ask is the renewal of each subscriber whose time expires in January, and in cases where convenient, three new names at the same time, in order to make up a club of four upon the terms we offer.

Next week we shall announce the winner of the December oil painting, and the painting will be sent by express, prepaid, about January 4th.

THE BLADE CHINA SETS.

Under the new offer, The Blade china sets are having a remarkable sale, and are giving the highest satisfaction. Those who have obtained them are delighted with their fine quality and their beauty.

They are the best quality we have ever offered, and the price is lower than ever before, and lower than such goods can be purchased for in any other way. Don't hesitate to send in your orders, for you will be delighted with the goods. Read the advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

OUR NEW WATCH OFFER.

Our readers will find a new watch list given in the Publishers' Column, on the fifth page of this paper. The list embraces both cheap grades and standard watches, and, though it is not long, gives sufficient variety to suit all. Order by name; not by number. Read the offer throughout, and you will know exactly what the watches are.

BANKRUPTCY LEGISLATION.

It is deemed certain that a bankruptcy law will be passed by both houses of Congress this year. It is to be hoped this expectation will not be disappointed. Such a measure is needed. There is an erroneous idea in the minds of many people that the only purpose of such a law is to relieve debtors of their liabilities; and this is the foundation of an unreasoning prejudice against such a law. But its scope is much broader, and it is to the benefit of creditors as well as debtors. The justice of a bankruptcy law was clear to the framers of the constitution, else they would not have put a provision in that instrument clothing Congress with the power to enact such legislation.

Their design was evidently to have a just, well-considered statute on the subject, and permanent in its operations. It was not intended that such a law should be enacted on special occasions, to help out a particular class, or to tide over a single emergency. The curse of our bankrupt laws so far has been their spasmodic enactment, and time limitations. Such a law should be a permanency, not a piece of special legislation.

The need and benefit of such a measure is thus clearly set forth by the Philadelphia Times:

The conflicting provisions of the various states for the collection of debts, and the numerous obstacles which often interpose to prevent the enforcement of claims of foreign creditors against resident debtors, greatly hinder trade between the different states, and only by a uniform bankrupt law can creditors and debtors generally be put on a thoroughly fair and just footing. Such a law is needed in the interests of business and trade, and Congress should carefully consider the question, and enact such a statute before the close of the present session.

Many people wonder why, if the case be so, that Congress has wrangled for ten years over the matter without result. The reason is not far to seek. The dispute has been between one set of lawmakers, who desire to secure undue advantage for the debtors, and another which has tried to secure too much for the creditors by putting it into their power to throw a delinquent debtor into bankruptcy. This alone has prevented the enactment of a law. The indications now are that an agreement can be reached upon a measure that will be equitable to both and oppressive to neither; and if this can be done, the ten-years' struggle will end in the adoption of this much-needed bit of legislation.

BOSTON'S ELECTION.

Boston's municipal contest resulted in the re-election of Mayor Quincy by a plurality of 4,079. He is a Democrat, but opposed to free silver. The Bryanite Democrats nominated Thomas Riley, who polled a total of 2,931 votes against 40,070 for Quincy, and 35,991 for Curtis, the Republican candidate. This result is in line with Boston's vote on governor in November, when Governor Wolcott, Republican, defeated George Fred Williams, the Bryanite candidate, by 6,000.

The logic of the election is that Boston is anti-Bryan. The people appear to be satisfied with Quincy's administration of the mayoralty, and therefore re-elected him. His election can not be taken as showing any Democratic advantage, for he openly pronounced against free silver and the Chicago platform. The Bryanites among the Democrats nominated Riley, and made a hot fight against Quincy on the free silver issue. A glorious thrashing was all they had for their trouble.

The Washington Post thinks the gravest charge which can be made against Mark Hanna is that he employs non-union labor on his senatorial boom.

ENGLAND ACTS.

The cable brings the very important news that a fleet of seventeen British war-ships are off Chemulpo, the principal port of Corea, which is the nearest point on the coast to Seoul, the capital. They are there to enforce England's protest against Russian influence in Corean councils. The British "adviser" of the Corean government in the matter of customs has been dismissed, and a Russian emissary put in his place. Against this the British consul at Chemulpo protested, and the fleet is on hand to enforce his protest.

This McLeavey affair is but a pretext. Great Britain takes it as an excuse for bringing a powerful fleet into the Yellow Sea, within easy striking distance of Port Arthur, where the Russia squadron is wintering, and of Kiao Chau, the point of German occupancy. From Chemulpo she can dominate affairs in those waters, and interfere in the partition of China in a most effective way. And in this she has the hearty co-operation of Japan, which has a fleet of thirty war-ships ready to move at a moment's notice.

The present situation is the direct result of the war between China and Japan. The latter designed to take Corea under her wing, as part of the fruits of her victory, but Russia, France and Germany interfered to prevent her from overrunning China and absorbing territory. This humiliated Japan, but she was too weak to cope alone with this powerful triumvirate, China is said to have promised large concessions to these three powers for delivering her out of the hands of Japan.

Russia was the first to realize on her share. She was granted concessions equivalent to a protectorate over Manchuria, with the right to occupy an ice-free port as a winter station for her Pacific fleet. Port Arthur was this point, and it is to be made the terminus of the great Siberian railway.

Meanwhile Germany waited, and the Emperor Wilhelm, seeing that with Japan's naval power on the one side and the advantage which the completion of the Siberian railway will give Russia in moving troops on the other, she would in time be at a disadvantage, pushed his schemes for an increase of the German navy. But Russia was steadily moving onward; her influence became paramount in Corea, and Germany seized eagerly on a pretext to occupy Kiao Chou, Russia's reply was the occupation of Port Arthur, which step she had not yet taken.

It must not be forgotten, in these moves upon the political chessboard in the Orient, that England is the world's greatest naval power. The fleet she has at Chemulpo is stronger than the combined Russian and German squadrons in those waters. And behind her she has Japan, with a splendid modern navy, and anxious to wreak vengeance on Russia.

This move of Great Britain will be greeted with a roar of approval by the British people. They have been restive at the apparent inaction of the government, and anxious to have something done to checkmate Germany and Russia. The government will have the people behind it in any move it may make. If Corea comes under British influence, both those powers will be like men who are working within range of the guns of an enemy. Future developments in the East will be watched with intense interest by the whole civilized world.

WHEAT CROP OF 1897.

The latest government estimate of the wheat crop of the United States is 530,000,000 bushels, which is an advance of 72,000,000 above its earlier figures. The announcement had little or no effect upon the market, for it was anticipated, and hence discounted long before it was made public. More than this, the department's figures obtain little credence with the trade. It relies upon other authorities, the superior trustworthiness of whose figures have been demonstrated time and again. Here are the figures of the various authorities, upon whom the grain dealers rely, compared with the department figures, as they were given earlier in the season, when the movement of the crop was beginning:

	Bushels.
Mr. B. W. Snow	502,000,000
Mr. E. M. Thoman	580,000,000
Chicago Trade Bulletin	550,000,000
Cincinnati Price Current	550,000,000
Agricultural Department	458,000,000

Mr. Murray, of the Price Current, later reduced his figures to 540,000,000 bushels. The latest estimate of the department therefore acknowledges the greater reliability of the other authorities by advancing its figures 72,000,000 bushels, but still leaving its estimate the lowest of the five.

The remarkable feature of the market for the past three months has been the enormous receipts from farmers at primary points. This indicates a tremendous crop, and has been the controlling factor against a permanent rise far beyond the dollar mark, which has been expected by so many operators. It is probable that the crop will reach fully 550,000,000 bushels, or the second largest ever grown in the United States.

With so magnificent a yield, and with a farm price which averages over 80 cents, the wheat growers of the United States will receive almost a half-billion of dollars for this crop alone. Over 100,000,000 bushels had gone abroad up to December 1, and as fully that much more will go out, at a higher price, it means about $200,000,000 of foreign gold to our credit for the sale of this one product abroad. The wheat crop of 1897 is a big factor in the good times which the country is now enjoying.

RESTRICTING COTTON PLANTING.

The American Cotton Growers' Protective association has formed a permanent organization at Memphis for securing a decreased cotton acreage, diversified crops, a reduction of cost of production, and the building of more cotton factories in the South.

All these are desirable things to accomplish, but it is a most difficult task to get all the cotton-growers to work together in good faith. Men will endeavor to overreach one another. A planter will reason that, if all the others are going to restrict production, the price will rise, and that if he puts out as large an area as possible he will have more cotton to sell and will get the advantage of the higher price, due to the decreased acreage. And enough planters will reason this way to keep the crop up to the old volume, and the price down to the old figure. We shall watch the outcome of the experiment.

Local option has killed three people in one little town in southern Ohio. They drank essence of peppermint and are now dead. Perhaps whisky would have killed them quicker.

Now Senator Morgan wants the United States to take a hand in the Chinese problem. Will that man never get through fighting?

SECRETARY GAGE'S REPLY.

The Federation of Labor, at its recent session at Nashville, adopted resolutions denouncing Secretary Gage's scheme of currency reform. To these Mr. Gage has made reply, in a letter to the head of the order. It is to be regretted that the session adjourned before the reply could reach the delegates from their point of consideration. The gist of the Secretary's answer is found in the following extract from his letter:

If, instead of denunciatory resolutions, which are not argument, you or any one on your behalf will show that the views I entertain and advocate are other than salutary to the great economic body of which we are all independent members, I will abandon them without hesitation.

My present conviction, the honest fruit of sincere study and reflection, is that a breakdown in our present money standard would be a most disastrous blow to all our commercial and industrial interests, and that upon the wage workers as a class would be entailed the most serious efforts of the disaster.

Believing this, I must so bear witness.

It is a common error of men to assume that those who differ from them on economic propositions are necessarily actuated by the basest motives. Denunciations then follow as a matter of course, when the true policy should be a re-examination of the facts, to see whether their own position is really sound and logical, and whether those who differ have solid ground for their opposition.

In its resolutions, the Federation of Labor declared entire opposition to the Gage financial bill, on the ground that, if made a law, "more firmly rivet the gold standard on the people of the country, and perpetuate its disastrous effects in ever form." No doubt the members are sincere in their view, and supported the resolution because of that belief. But a man may be sincere, and yet be mistaken. Is the assumption that the gold standard is "disastrous," well founded? And would free coinage be less disastrous?

The experience of every nation in the world's financial history has been that when two kinds of coin are given unlimited coinage with full legal tender powers, and circulate side by side, the one of least bullion value will alone remain in circulation, and the other disappear. No exception to this can be found in history. To adopt the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would be to repeat the old experiment, and the outcome would be as it always has been. Silver would remain in circulation, but only at its bullion value; our paper money would sink to the same level. How could this benefit the wage-workers who compose the Federation of Labor?

Each one of them would receive the same number of nominal dollars as he does now for wages, but they would not buy quite half as much as they now do. The prices of clothing, food, fuel, and all other necessaries of life would be a little more than doubled in the depreciated currency. The merchants would see to that. Does any one imagine that wages would go up at once, and as rapidly? Does any man now getting, for instance, $1 a day, suppose that his employer would at once, and without urging, pay him $2.12 a day? Yet that would have to be the rate to give him wages equal in purchasing power to $1 a day, gold value.

The effect of free coinage would be to cut down the wages of every wage-worker in the United States to 46 cents for every dollar he now receives. How long would it take to raise wages, counted in the depreciated currency, to the present level? It would require years. No one can doubt that who has studied the subject in the light of history. What advantage could possibly come to compensate them? The Federation of Labor should investigate the matter and listen no longer to emissaries of the silver trust. They will find Secretary Gage is nearer right in this matter than they are.

REMEDY THE DEFICIT!

The new Dingley tariff law went into operation on July 24 last. On December 1, the end of five months of the fiscal year and four months of the new tariff, the deficit (for the five months) was $45,986,023.

During the first seventeen days of December the deficit decreased from the above sum to only $19,280,923. This was because the Treasury received $28,000,000 in payment from the Union Pacific railroad sale. Had it not been for this payment into the Treasury, the deficit on December 17 would have been about $47,250,000.

This is a condition which should be, which must be, remedied. The Blade most heartily agrees with the Philadelphia Press, whose opinion is herewith given:

No stable prosperity can exist until it is perfectly clear to all the land that the Republican party proposes in the simplest and most direct way to increase the revenue of the government so as to equal its necessary expenditures. The stability of business prosperity depends on the stability of the currency. The stability of the currency depends on the solvency of the treasury. The solvency of the treasury depends on a revenue more than sufficient for expenditures. Grant that and the currency will cease to give concern, because when that is done the treasury can retain every greenback paid in to draw out gold, as its ordinary cash balance is big enough to absorb all the greenbacks which by any possibility can be presented for gold.

A public declaration that the Republican majority in the House is determined to provide sufficient revenue is to-day the first need and duty of the hour.

This is no time for timidity, for paltering. The Treasury must be put on a paying basis. It can be done in several ways. There is no lack of methods. To increase the internal revenue tax on beer by $1 a barrel additional will raise $33,000,000 added revenue, and will cover the monthly deficit of the Dingley law fully and completely.

There is no reason this should not be done. Nobody would feel the added burden. One dollar a barrel means three cents on a gallon of beer, or one cent for every half-dozen glasses thereof. It is absurd to palter in this matter. Congress should act at once.

Commissioner of Pensions Evans says he has no doubt that, for the rest of the century, and perhaps several years longer, girl babies will be born in the United States who will grow up to marry veterans of the war of 1861-65, and so keep up the roll of pensioned widows until 1997 and perhaps later. There are ten Revolutionary widows on the roll now, 114 years after the close of that war. There will be 10,000 widows of the civil war living a century hence, if the law is not amended so as to prevent young girls from marrying aged soldiers from mercenary motives.

We are to have another set of special postage stamps in honor of the trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha during 1898, along the same general lines as the Columbian Exposition stamps of 1893. There will be five of them: 1-cent, 2-cent, 5-cent, 10-cent and $1 stamps. Let us hope they will be of reasonable size and convenient shape, which the 1893 issue were not.

THE NASBY LETTERS.

Some three or four years ago we printed 60,000 copies of the Nasby Letters. In that volume are reprinted all the letters which were of a general nature, and it is the only collection of them ever issued.

We announced then that we would not sell a copy, nor did we. We gave a copy however, to any one who sent $1 for a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, and asked for the book, sending it postage free.

We have about 200 of the edition left. When they are disposed of, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. We will not sell them, but we will give a copy of the Nasby Letters to any one who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the book.

Be quick in ordering, for they will soon be all gone. Address: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

SENATOR WOLCOTT POUTING.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is playing his little game to its conclusion. He now threatens to resign his seat in the United States Senate. His alleged reason is unique. First, he is displeased that Secretary Gage has prepared a bill for currency reform. Wolcott considers that the Secretary's plan would "commit the United States to the gold standard." Pray what did the election of McKinley in 1896 mean, if it did not mean a maintenance of the gold standard? And as this country has had the gold standard in reality since about 1835, what damage can come from its maintenance as the settled policy of the United States?

Second, Mr. Wolcott feels that President McKinley is giving Secretary Gage his moral support; therefore, he argues, by a bit of funny logic, the President was insincere in sending a monetary commission abroad to confer with foreign governments with regard to international bimetallism. So, Senator Wolcott says he has been made a fool, has been placed in a ridiculous position, and that his self-respect requires him to resign, as the only way of showing that he did not knowingly take up a project which was known in advance to be an impossibility.

Senator Wolcott's logic is very faulty. It was not in any way due to President McKinley that the European governments refused to consider international bimetallism. The Senator had quite as good an opportunity as the President, or any one else, to judge the chances of acceptance or rejection. He understood this perfectly well. If he did not wish to run the risk of failure, he should not have accepted the place when offered it.

President McKinley has acted in perfect good faith, and is carrying out the pledge of the St. Louis platform in letter and in spirit. That pledged the party to the effort to secure international bimetallism, recognizing the fact that any attempt by ourselves or any other individual nation to secure bimetallism by law would only result in silver monometallism, and not in bimetallism at all. And, failing to secure an international agreement, it pledged the party to maintain the gold standard.

Senator Wolcott headed a commission officially authorized to secure co-operation in international bimetallism. No other nation would consent to do so. The first pledge is redeemed—that first an effort should be made to secure international action. Now comes the second pledge—that if international action failed, the gold standard shall be maintained. It has failed, and Secretary Gage's bill is in line with the platform pledge.

If Senator Wolcott wishes to resign, by all means let him do so. He will not be the first Senator who has taken that silly step because of his overweening self-esteem. Roscoe Conkling did it, and was forced to remain in private life. Probably Senator Wolcott would be returned to the Senate. The Colorado legislature is as entirely under the thumb of the great Silver Trust as is New York city under that of Tammany. Probably Mr. Wolcott will assure himself of the certainty of his return before he makes his play. All he is trying to do is to get over into the free silver camp without any Republican obligations.

ARMOUR VS. LEITER.

The great wheat deal in Chicago is progressing steadily, without any change in the situation—which is, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, that the market is "still dominated by the efforts of Mr. Leiter to buy more wheat than Mr. Armour can sell, and of Mr. Armour to sell more than Mr. Leiter can buy." Put into figures, the battle stood thus yesterday:

Mr. Leiter, the "bull" operator, is "long" on anywhere from eight to eleven million bushels of wheat.

Present value at	
$1.00	$8,000,000 to $11,000,000
Buying price at	
85½c	6,880,000 to 9,185,000
Profit up to date	$1,120,000 to $ 1,815,000

Needed to take up undelivered wheat	$3,340,000 to $ 5,845,000
Resources	$30,000,000

Mr. Armour, the "bear" operator, is "short" on 8,500,000 bushels.

Buying price @ .85¾	$ 8,117,500
Selling price @ .83¾	7,097,500
Loss up to date	$ 1,020,000
Possible loss on undelivered wheat:	
@ $1.50	$ 937,500
@ $2.50	2,430,000
Resources	$25,000,000

It is a battle of giants, but Mr. Armour appears to hold the "short" end, not only of wheat but of the deal.

Complaint is made in New England that the school system is under the domination of the professional and literary classes. Well, it should be controlled by men of education, who understand the subject, instead of uneducated theorists.

In the two weeks ending last Thursday New Orleans took $1,400,000 in currency from the New York sub-Treasury. This is the best possible indication that, though business started late in the Crescent City, it is coming fast.

Senator Chandler's recent capers justify the Boston Post's remark that "he is a kind of Republican Tom Watson." But Tom Watsons can not shape the policy of the Republican party.

Weyler says, if the scheme of autonomy is persevered in, Spain will lose Cuba in a few months. And we know of no better authority on losing Cuba than Weyler.

In the Chicago Inter Ocean Mr. Yerkes has established a new school of journalism which is not an improvement over the yellow journalism of New York.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Steady Improvement.

The course of events continues favorable to the business interest of the country. Influences which make for improvement are increasing in force with each passing week, and from every quarter come reports of rapid progress toward recovery from the long depression. Calamity howlers no longer attract any serious attention. With so many unmistakable evidences of returning prosperity at hand, few people can be found who attach any weight to the mouthings of these prophets of evil. All of the signs of the times are favorable. The tendency in all branches of trade is toward expansion. The iron business, which by many is looked upon as an infallible barometer of the general situation, is showing great improvement. Railroad traffic reports, the bank clearings and the foreign trade statements also furnish the most convincing proofs that better times are approaching.

As usual at the close of a year, there is just now a lull in some branches of the wholesale trade, but owing to the holidays greatly increased activity in the retail lines was noticed during last week. Christmas shopping was on a larger scale than has been seen before for several years, a most substantial proof that the number of people at work at remunerative wages is steadily increasing. On all sides the feeling is one of cheerfulness and of deep-rooted conviction that the coming year will witness an even greater degree of improvement than did 1897.

Wheat Market.

Expectation of further improvement in the value of wheat after the turn of the year is general among the heaviest speculators. That does not include a considerable number of the professionals who have become pessimistic about the price of wheat from experience of low prices during the last five years.

Great attention has been called to the recent proceedings of the principal parties in the Chicago wheat market. The buying and acceptance by one party of about 7,000,000 bushels of wheat for December delivery has been heralded as a wonderful and unprecedented proceeding. Yet in June, 1889, when the famous "Kershaw" bull manipulation of the wheat market came to a disastrous termination, it was estimated that the parties to it had bought and held contracts for delivery of 50,000,000 bushels.

There is really an absence of what is usually regarded as manipulation in the current transactions. Wheat is bringing $1 a bushel because, compared with recent years, it is a scarce article in the world. The concentration of 7,000,000 or 10,000,000 bushels of wheat in two or three hands would not prevent lower prices if the article had not intrinsically the value attaching to it. The aggregate of the world's wheat production for this year is reckoned at about 2,200,000,000 bushels, so that the absurdity of ascribing prevailing high prices to the concentration in Chicago of the above comparatively insignificant proportion becomes clearly apparent.

Miners On the Klondike.

Great fears are felt for the safety of American citizens in the Klondike country, and Secretary Alger of the war department is doing all in his power to send them assistance. The tenor of evidence in the matter indicates that there are thousands of destitute Americans in the gold country, and that they must inevitably suffer—possibly starve—unless help from the United States reaches them. It is doubtful if the gold country contains a sufficient food supply for the people who have hurried there in the hope of finding a fortune; and the exorbitant prices demanded—prices which must rise continually as winter advances—are of little interest to many, whose poverty would render purchase at any price impossible. It has been suggested that it would be cheaper to bring the gold hunters to the coast; but any miner with even a chance for a claim would rather fight starvation and cold at the mine than abandon it even in direst extremity.

The Cuban Struggle.

Autonomy will not be accepted by the Cuban leaders, however enticing may be the propositions held out by Captain General Blanco as the representative of Spain. Lieutenant Colonel Ruiz, an officer of experience, carried proposals to that portion of the insurgent army in the eastern part of the island, where General Aranguren is in command, and was seized, tried and executed. His judge, the commander of the Cubans in that region, is little more than a boy, being but 22 years old; but not only his seniors on the island, but that more talkative group in New York apparently dominated by General Palma, unqualifiedly approve the action. It is understood that any man who approaches the Cuban lines with offers of amnesty and peace—on the terms of anything short of independence—will be summarily shot.

For the present the wearisome struggle seems as far from ending as it was a year ago. The Spaniards plainly can hold every position they have at present in the western portion of the island. That is, they are reasonably secure in and about Havana. But they cannot conquer the insurgents nor drive from Cuba the insurgent army. And the Cubans can keep the field in the east, shifting from place to place, and striking in guerrilla fashion. But—equally—they cannot conquer the Spanish army. How long the struggle shall continue, how much more of life and treasure shall be wasted, what action other interested nations shall take—these are as much unsettled problems as they have been from the beginning.

British Sealers Seized.

The seizure of British sealing ships in Behring Sea in 1886 and 1887 will be remembered. Great Britain protested against the seizures and laid claims for damages. The talk of the day was exceedingly hostile. International arbitration decided that Americans had no right to close Behring Sea against hunters, and an award of $425,000 was agreed upon as the proper amount for America to pay. President Cleveland approved that finding, but Congress, always amenable to "jingo" argument, repudiated the whole transaction and provided for an international court of claims. This court has just decided that the United States must pay $464,000. Which is more than the little demonstration was worth.

Gage's Currency Plan.

After all the columns that have been printed concerning the new "currency plan," one may fairly summarize them in the five following points, toward which President McKinley and his very loyal secretary of the treasury, Mr. Gage, are aiming:

To commit the government more thoroughly to the gold standard.

To strengthen the treasury as to its demand liabilities.

To accomplish this without contracting the circulation.

To take an initial step toward a system of bank note issues on a basis of deposit of bonds.

To put a stop to the "endless chain" of redemption and reissue of greenbacks.

Secretary Gage submitted to a thorough cross-inquiry before the house committee on banking, and if he did not convince at least he answered every question of a not very friendly company of gentlemen. It is doubtful if the present session of Congress will be sufficiently courageous to embody the carefully formulated plans in a law; but the President and his advisers regard the monetary system of the government as of the greatest possible importance, and its reform from the present dangerous and costly condition into one of reason and safety as the very first duty of the administration.

Chandler's Folly.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, openly opposes the treasury plan, chiefly because he regards the present movement as one hostile to bimetallism; and he has written a breezy criticism, of which the following paragraph is the key:

If the secretary of the Treasury and his single gold standard associates will cease their demand for impossible currency legislation, Congress will pass the necessary appropriation bills, probably take care of Hawaii and Cuba, there will not be a serious party division during the session and there will be an adjournment in May. Business will revive, the treasury receipts will equal the expenditures, the balance of trade will continue in our favor and the Republican party will in November, 1898, elect a majority of the House in the Fifty-sixth Congress.

The whole attitude of the New England senator, both in his writing and in the almost ceaseless speech with which he illuminates the subject about the corridors of the senate and the lobbies of "official" hotels, is one of large superiority. Clearly he rates the President as a man of much less learning—possibly of an inferior degree of patriotism—than himself. He is careful to secure recognition as one who sees small reason to pay any attention to this western man and his western secretary of the Treasury. He doubts Mr. McKinley's good faith toward bimetallism and has some question as to Mr. Gage's Republicanism. And there is quite a characteristic ring in one sentence which is persistently attributed to him: "It is simply political suicide for the Republican party in this Congress to affirmatively open discussion of the money question and to bring on a yea and nay vote on currency legislation."

Reciprocity Negotiations.

Germany is one of the countries with whom reciprocity negotiations have not gone beyond the initial stage. This has not been owing to any indisposition on the part of the government of either country to go into the subject, but to the fact that there has seemed to be but little prospect of material concessions being made on either side. Under present conditions all that can be looked for is a 20 per cent reduction upon certain products to be agreed upon, for German does not furnish so many articles upon which to base a reciprocity agreement as France. The principal product in which Germany is interested is sugar, but it seems to be thought that the 20 per cent reduction of duty permitted under the Dingley law is not of very great importance, and then there are doubts as the whether any concessions would be granted by the United States. The matter is not being pushed by either government at present. The Negotiations with France are not making progress, owing to the course of the French government in recently raising duties on American products. Negotiations with Great Britain in regard to her West Indian possessions are making progress slowly, but there seems to be no doubt of an agreement being arrived at ultimately.

The Eight Hour Day.

Workmen employed eight hours a day on state or municipal work in New York are not entitled to the same compensation for their eight hours' labor as men engaged in the same class of work in private establishments who work ten hours. This is the substance of an opinion just rendered by Attorney General Hancock in response to a request for information by an official of a labor organizations are in course of construction. The attorney general says that in his judgment the legislature did not intend to discriminate between those who may be employed in private establishments, so that the man who works but eight hours in the first case will receive the same compensation as the man that works ten hours in the latter case. If such discrimination should obtain, the attorney general says, it would inevitably lead to the demand by those who work the longer number of hours in the same class of work that they receive at least proportionately greater pay—a demand which he says is just and equitable. In his opinion the legislature in its action regarding the rate of wages intended that he who insists upon his legal right of working only eight hours in any one day must be content to receive wages proportioned in amount to what is received by him who performs like work in the same locality for a longer period or longer hours in the same day.

Our Trade With Russia.

A somewhat singular statement regarding influences affecting American trade with Russia is made in a report to the state department from Consul Rawicz at Warsaw. According to the consul American manufacturers in general are both discredited and handicapped in Russia, and the introduction of new goods is extremely difficult. One reason given by the consul for the existence of this state of affairs is that European manufacturers—Germans especially—fill the Russian markets with inferior goods stamped and trademarked as "American," which being accepted by the unsuspecting Russians as genuine American products, discredit the manufacturers of this country to such an extent that nothing short of active and persistent personal effort can push new articles into genuine use. Another circumstance assigned as operating against the introduction of American manufactures is the fact that long credits are given by British, French, German and other manufacturers—credits based on reports of their agents, who traverse the entire empire of the czar and know exactly how far credits can be safely given. Steps are about to be taken by an American association to establish in Warsaw a sample room for the exhibition of American manufactures in connection with an agency for their introduction and sale throughout Russia. It is evident that in the present struggle for markets the American manufacturer cannot afford to neglect any means tending to promote commercial intercourse.

The Chinese Puzzle.

Farther away, but vastly more momentous, is the puzzle on the shores of the Yellow sea. There are many indications that the great powers, the arbiters of all affairs in the Eastern hemisphere, are preparing for the dismemberment, the partition of China. The ancient empire, with nearly half a billion of inhabitants, with a territory greater than all of Europe put together, has after all these centuries reached the stage of defenselessness, while still possessing wealth and the possibilities of treasure. It has passed through infancy, youth, maturity and decay, and the strong defense of the oriental, a sentiment of reverence for antiquity, being unknown to the Westerner, there is no shield which China can interpose between her fortune and the grasp of the invader. It is everything to the Chinaman that his nation has a continuous history far antedating the flood; that his people have occupied from the time when historic Adam was unknown the same plains and valleys where they now have their homes. But all this is nothing to the European. Time was when China's consent had to be secured before a port was entered for trading purposes. But latterly the nations have found that if China refuses they can take possessions away. And they have done it.

Russia's Advances.

The Russians held back warlike Japan when that rehabilitated kingdom uncovered the impotence of China, and would not permit the mikado to possess a foot of ground on the Chinese mainland. To-day Russia has two ports on the mainland of China, and nothing but a war with modern powers can remove her. She is established at Vladivostock, to the north of Korea, at the Pacific terminus of her trans-Siberian railway, and she can pour an immense army into China over that line. She has taken possession of Port Arthur—the very harbor from which she excluded the victorious Japanese. And in the ice-free waters of that port her ironclads are congregating to defend her.

Germany's Grab.

A little farther south—just beyond the range of siege guns—the Germans have taken forcible possession of Kiao-Chau, both port and province, have fortified the position, have set on guard in the harbor heavy battle ships, and have sent forward from home and from stations in other parts of the world other battle ships—with outspoken instructions that would authorize any commander in an overt act of war. England holds the important islands near Hong-Kong—acquired by address, but very difficult of recovery. And the whole tone of English sentiment and expression is an enthusiastic—even a passionate—urging to the "forward movement" in China. Coupled with this, possibly aggravating it, is a suspicion that the English have been tricked, or out-maneuvered, by Russian and Germany, who for the moment are thought to act on a mutual understanding. England could have stayed Russia's hand in 1895, and could have permitted China and Japan to settle on their own terms. Waiving that interference at the moment, Englishmen fear their diplomats lost an opportunity whose fruits would be very valuable to-day.

New Triple Alliance.

An odd phase of the case is the appearance of a new triple alliance in which Germany, Russia and France are agreed. It is a strange turn of affairs when the Gaul and the Teuton can so readily sheathe the sword of 1871. But a collision in the East which should make friends of these two nations would do more for the peace of continental Europe than all the diplomates in Paris and Berlin combined. What share, if any, Italy, Austria and Spain may have in the partition which now seems inevitable no one can definitely say. As to the latter nation, she will get what is freely given her—and no more. Austria, divided at home, is in no position to make demand abroad—unless the very stress of danger in Asia should cement the strangely composed nation. And Italy so far has made no open demand and secured no actual foothold on the Chinese coast.

To all these trespasses upon her soil—trespasses that would precipitate war in a day were the case in Europe—China has made no audible protest and has raised no hostile hand. The truth is, if the nations of Europe want China they can have her. If they are not united on that they can have a naval battle in the China sea that will dwarf forever the little endeavors of the Great Armada and will make summer reading of Copenhagen, Trafalgar and the Nile.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES LONG

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle Company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length and separates exactly, for its entire distance, the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the

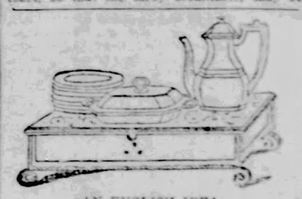
THE LONGEST FENCE IN THE WORLD.

border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow-punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it. It is a barbed-wire fence, with mesquite and cotton-wood poles, and for the entire length of it runs as straight as the crow flies.

HOT BREAKFAST.

Something entirely new in the way of dining and breakfast heating trays are now on sale in London, being designed to meet the breakfast or afternoon tea requirements. The idea is to keep the viands and vessels in which they are served up hot for many hours. The heat is derived from blocks of a material furnished with the outfit, these being heated in an ordinary stove and then stowed away in a drawer in the bottom of the tray, radiating their heat for many hours.

The tray also contains a white enameled pan, designed to receive the muffins and toast, so that the tardy breakfaster may be



AN ENGLISH IDEA.

served with extra hot muffins and toast. These trays are handsomely got up, with repousse silver-plated top and wrought-iron stand, so that one makes a decidedly decorative adornment for the table. The ideal feature of the arrangement is that, once filled, no further attention is necessary and the heat is not intense enough to dry up the food. The arrangement illustrated shows plates, coffee pot and serving dish, which we can imagine to be maintained delightfully warm.

DID LOTS OF CHIRPING.

Two-headed animals are common enough, but a two-headed bird has never come to light till recently. The freak, a two-headed English sparrow, well-developed and about a year old, was shot by the son of W. L. Morris, of 1075 Franklin avenue, Columbus, O. The boy went

ORNITHOLOGICAL FREAK SHOT AT COLUMBUS, O.

out to shoot sparrows for a Thanksgiving sparrow pie, and the ornithological freak was among the bag. It is at present in the hands of a taxidermist, who pronounces it the first two-headed sparrow on record.

TWO FOREST FREAKS.

These illustrations are taken from photographs of two gnarled giants of the forest which are familiar sights to the passengers on the College Hill electric line, Cincinnati. The forked tree stands at the corner of Ludlow and Lafayette avenues, Clifton. It is fifty feet high and forks about twenty feet from the ground, thus forming an almost perfect letter Y. The tree is a silver poplar.

Further out upon this same line is to be found another forest freak. On Hamilton avenue, just a square beyond the city limits, two tall sycamores have done sentry duty over this approach to Cumminsville for years. They stand side by side and rise to an equal elevation, twin giants of the woods. They are called the "Siamese twins." Both are sixty feet in height and at the base are less than one foot apart. Ten feet from the ground a heavy cord extends from one to the other, joining them, as were the famous children of Siam. Both oddities have been viewed by arboriculturists, but no explanation of the peculiar growth has been reached.

CINCINNATI'S NATURAL WONDERS.

NASBY WAS A SATIRIST.

Eli Perkins Tells a Reminiscence of the Great Writer.

"I knew Nasby (David Ross Locke) very well," said Eli Perkins. "It used to make him mad when people called him a humorist or a wit.

"'I'm not a humorist, Eli,' he said one day, quite excited with anger; 'I'm a satirist.'

"'And what is the mission of the satirist?' I asked.

"'Why, to exaggerate vice or error.

"'I can kill more error by exaggerating vice than by abusing it. In all my writings I have not said one unkind word about any people or party. I have simply exaggerated errors in politics, love and religion, until the people saw these errors and rose up against them. The humorist would describe 'Deakin Program' and 'Joe Bigler,' of the 'Confederate X Roads,' just as they are. That would have caused laughter; but I exaggerated these characters, as Cervantes exaggerated Don Quixote, and made them ridiculous.'"

Charles Sumner, in his introduction to Nasby's great book, said: "President Lincoln read every letter from Nasby's pen."

"Mr. Nasby's satires," continued Mr. P., "were always directed against such evils as slavery, intemperance and partisan suffrage. He has always maintained the true democracy, that one man is as good as another if he is as clean and as well educated."

When Mr. Perkins was asked to give an instance of a satirical anecdote he said:

"Here is one. One day when they were voting on the Female Suffrage bill out in Kansas, a poor, ignorant white man, who had just moved in from Posey county, Ill., came to the polls to vote.

"'I wish you would oblige me by voting this ticket,' said a well-dressed woman.

"'What kind of a ticket is it?' asked the poor white man.

"'Why,' said the lady, 'you can see for yourself.'

"'But I can't read.'

"'What! can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand which you are about to vote?' exclaimed the lady.

"'No,' said he, 'I can't read at all.'

"'Well,' said the lady, 'I will read it to you. This ballot means that you are in favor of an amendment to the Kansas State

Publishers' Column.

WATCHES BY MAIL.

The Blade offers its readers this season a new list of watches at less than ordinary retail prices, sent postpaid by mail on receipt of prices marked below. The list embraces two or three cheap but good watches, and three or four better grade of time keepers.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A stem winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin model plan. Remember, this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

Price $2.00
Same in gold filled hunting case, guaranteed 5 years 6.00

THE SETH THOMAS WATCH.

A genuine American watch, jeweled, and guaranteed an accurate time piece. Nickel, open face, stem wind and stem set, made on the celebrated thin model plan. Price, $4.00.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.

Men's open face gold filled watch, either engraved or engine turned, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

WALTHAM HUNTING CASE.

This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, so thick that they will last fifteen years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance. The reliable watchmakers. The ring joints, from reliable watchmakers. The ring joints, 20-minch piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting appliances, and many other improvements. The movement is made by the celebrated Waltham Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch comes in hunting case only. Price, $15.00.

SOLID GOLD, LADIES' SIZE.

This watch is a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted 14K. U. S. assay. We use no foreign movements in this watch, but all are either Waltham or Elgin "American" movements according to the wish of the purchaser. The works are jeweled and have compensating balance and safety pinion. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship.

Each watch is a stem winder and setter, and has a tempered hair spring. Price, $20.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons $1.25
½ dozen teaspoons ..... .85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks 2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks 1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks 2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks 1.15
1 dozen tea knives 2.25
1 dozen table knives 4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 15 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

Address with remittance in current funds,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Reader of THE BLADE.

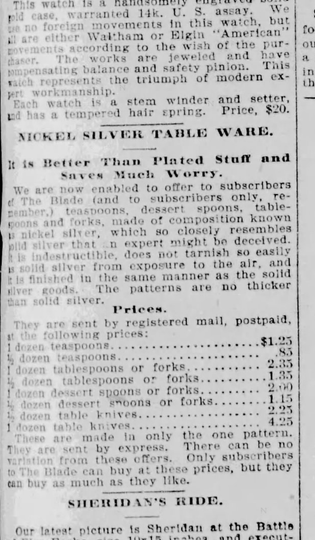
READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit, and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

NO. 1058—CYDONIA HOUSE JACKET.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.—Fancy French flannels and light weight elderdown are the fabrics most liked for these convenient room jackets. Our model is fitted with under arm forms, and the fullness in the back is gauged at the belt line and held by stitching. Light, delicate colors are usually chosen for these jackets and the pattern is also suitable for cambric, lawn, Chamberry and India silk for summer use. The ribbon belt passes under the side-forms, and the slits through which it passes are buttonholed with embroidery silk. The edges



of the garment are finished with a stitched hem, and the sleeves and collar are trimmed with a ruffle of lace. Rows of ribbon finish the neck and sleeves. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1228—DAINTY WAIST.

Sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure. An opportunity for a dainty combination of materials is afforded in this dainty design. The color scheme suggested for this very charming home toilet is forest-oak brown in cashmere, and turquoise blue silk. The silk guimpe and stock collar are braided with narrow gold braid. The cashmere blouse is finished with a wide gold and brown braid and the close fitting sleeves, which are finished at the shoulder with three ruffles of cashmere, lined with silk, are also trimmed with the gold braid. A half width of turquoise blue silk finished with fringe forms the sash.

No. 1231—Carleen Skirt.

Sizes, medium and large. A popular design in the new four-gored skirt, measuring about four yards at the foot, and is cut without a seam in the centre of the back. The front and sides are plain, and all the fullness is drawn to the back and laid in deep side-plaits. Braid in fancy designs, or plain trim these skirts either on the seams or round the bottom of the skirt or hips, as fancy dictates. Velveteen, corduroy or braid binding, and a facing of haircloth or crinoline finish the bottom of these skirts.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1244—CLIVEDEN COAT.

Sizes for 4 and 6 years. The prettiest coats for little children this season are plaited, and our model, which may be used for a boy or a girl, is given a very stylish effect by plaiting the fronts in broad side plaits, two from the shoulder to the waist, with an added one

in the short skirt. A box plait with two side plaits, either side, form the back. A broad collar which projects over the sleeves and rolls up high about the throat is trimmed with a narrow edge of fur or lace. A two-inch belt gives a pretty finish to the garment. The fronts open, giving a vest effect, and if preferred the cuffs may be made to match the vest, or of the material used for the coat. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

NO. 1229—CLEO WAIST.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. A most artistic combination of gray, orange and white is shown in the "Cleo," a dressy waist for afternoon or dinner wear. Over a cream silk lining, which is slightly full in front to simulate a vest, is a loose, drooping blouse of gray silk embroidery. An elaborate collar,

which half hides this, is heavy lace edged with a ruffle of soft lace. The girdle and rosette are of orange velvet, and the bands on the sleeve match the collar. Any style of plain or trimmed skirt may be used with the model. A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 1044—MARCY SACQUE.

Sizes for 6 and 12 months and two years.—The material from which this comfortable little jacket is made is flannel, in white, or any of the light shades, so pretty on the soft-skinned dimpled babies, or it may be made of white silk, lined with cashmere, or the order reversed, cashmere lined with silk. It is loose and easy to slip on over the frock or gown, and is trimmed with narrow soutache, a little bow of ribbon at the neck, which is used to fasten it. The cape collar adds something to the warmth as well as the beauty of the sacque, and is made of the material or lined with silk. The tiny bishop sleeves give a quaint effect, which is very charming. A

special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

Unmindful of the pranks of his own youth, says the San Francisco News Letter, Gen. Walter Turnbull is understood to be very impatient of the vagaries of Walter, jr., who is a fine young fellow, handsome and immensely popular, although a decided chip of the old

"YOU—YOU ACT LIKE A WILD ASS' COLT."

block. The corpulent pater called his offspring to account on many occasions, and for most trivial offenses. In spite of corrections innumerable, the delinquencies seemed to continue, and, indeed, to multiply. Finally the old gentleman lost what little patience he possessed, and, at the end of a harangue which plainly failed of the desired effect, the general made a remark which he regretted immediately thereafter.

"Why, sir," he thundered, in a passion, "You—you—you act like a wild ass' colt!"

"I am," was the demure reply.

IRONICAL IFS.

If a man has no dust his name is usually mud.

If a man has horse sense he should know when to say neigh.

If the cat scratches you it is always the sign of the Maltese cross.

If a man would follow the advice he gives to others we would soon be perfect.

If the mercury goes higher than usual next summer blame it on the Dingley bill.

If women were as fond of appearing in print as in silk there would be more lady writers.

If canes were to go out of fashion some young men would have no visible means of support.

BAYARD'S GIFT.

Former Ambassador Bayard has given a cameo medallion of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, to the Methodist Episcopal church at Brandywine, Del. In presenting the medallion Mr. Bayard said of Wesley: "So remarkable a man cannot be spoken of without reference to the faith he had in civilized manhood. He was born, lived and died an Englishman, and his life was a most extraordinary illustration of energy, earnestness and fearless persistence in following conscientious belief. It was his intention to broaden, widen and deepen religion. He was driven from the use of the churches and compelled to preach in the fields and highways."

Mr. Bayard said that the medallion was the work of Josiah Wedgewood, a remarkable man, also blameless, homelike and of pure life. He was a potter, but he had the genius that raised that occupation to a fine art. The work of Wedgewood in England led to the manufactories of china baking. He sent agents and skilled artists to Italy and they returned with treasures. He taught his people to gather in the past wisdom for the future.

Wedgewood and Wesley were both friends of the American colonies, struggling for independence, and the sympathy

FAC-SIMILE OF THE MEDALLION.

and the condemnation they bestowed rove the Americans away from an alliance with England.

Mr. Bayard's mother and father secured the medallion from Wedgewood while visiting the latter's home in England.

Swollen Very Much.

"My wife had an attack of rheumatism and her limbs were swollen very much. Our family physician advised her to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and she did so. It accomplished a wonderful cure. One of my children had large scrofula bunches, but Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured him." A. A. Newman, Higginsport, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CHINESE FEET.

It isn't very pretty to look upon, it? This foot of the Chinese woman. It is the foot of a young lady of 20 years, and it is only 6½ inches long.

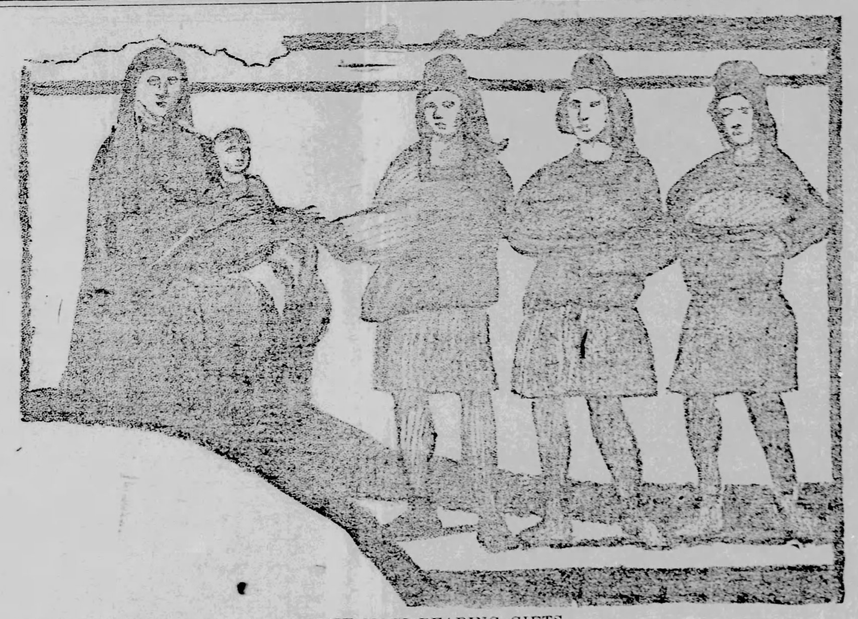
Its toes are distorted. Its sole has a positive cavity in the middle. Its nails are atro-

CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT.

phied, and as a result of the atrophy of the foot itself the leg also loses power and eventually becomes merely skin and bone..

Grass Made Into Paper.

China grass is being largely cultivated in Japan for paper and twine making purposes, and several large companies, some with a capital of $1,000,000, have been formed to supply the cultivators with seed, and to give them the necessary instruction, the farmer being bound to turn over the crop at a fixed price to the company, thus avoiding competition and keeping prices down.



THE MAGI BEARING GIFTS.

EARLIEST CHRISTIAN ART

DRAWINGS BY CHRISTIANS IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

These Pictures Must Have Been the Result of Personal Observation.

The whole Christian world is deeply interested in the early history of the followers of Jesus. What they did, how they lived, what they thought, are questions still to be answered. Unfortunately the literary remains of the first two or three centuries are very fragmentary, and schools are attempting to piece out the record as well as they can. Dr. Edgar Hennecke, of Betheln (Hanover), has devoted many years of research to the

BAPTISM.

paintings found on the walls of the catacombs in and around Rome, and avers that these shed much light upon the Christian life of the early centuries.

The catacombs themselves are remarkable structures. They are underground passages or corridors hollowed out beneath the suburbs of old Rome by the first Christians who came to that great world-capital. These passages are sometimes dug out beneath one another to

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

belong to the earliest period of Christian life and art. The fact that these are paintings alone argues against the popular notion that the first Christians were utterly opposed to the use of art for religious purposes. On these walls, scarred by the tooth of time, scenes from both the Old and the New Testament are found in large numbers. St. Jerome, who lived in the fourth century, mentions the catacombs especially, but it was not until the sixteenth century that some work men digging in a suburb of Rome, fell into one of these underground passages. The value and importance of the catacombs has been recognized by few until lately, when Dr. Kraus and Dr. Hennecke called special attention to these remarkable works of religious art. It is strange that the pictures at least have not been reproduced in this country, for they would interest thousands of Christians, who would like to know something about these early sufferers and martyrs who buried themselves alive that they might worship according to their consciences. Here are the proofs that the first followers of Jesus had become a great host, almost by a miracle, and devoutly studied the same Bible as is now read in every Christian church and home.

A Picture of the Magi.

Here is a picture of the Magi bearing their gifts of gold, spices and myrrh to the wondering mother and wonderful child. This important incident is pictured no less than 12 times in these first Christian art galleries, pointing to the hope of the believers that their God would some day be acknowledged by the nations represented by the magi of old. Another striking scene repeated several times is that of the man healed of the palsy by Jesus on the Sabbath, as recorded by Matthew, Mark and John, with whom fault was found for carrying his bed on that holy day. But he replied: "He that made me whole the same said unto me, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'" Doubtless this act of mercy was treasured up as a comfort in their time of suffering.

Another bit inspired by a similar desire for faith in Jesus' power to uplift and heal is that in which he is seen with the right hand resting on the head of a boy, healing by the "laying on of hands." But the most remarkable of this series, occurring 38 times on these ancient tombs is that of Jesus raising Lazarus from death. The story to which this picture refers was undoubtedly a favorite with these poor persecuted believers, who, finding nothing but pain and suffering on earth, hoped in the resurrection to find everlasting joy. It reminded them, too, of Jesus' faithfulness to his followers as typified in his friend Lazarus.

Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes was also a favorite with these ancient artists, for it appears over and over again in various forms. In one instance the figure of Jesus as seen touching the baskets with his staff. Another larger group is evidently a Christian ideal,

A MEAL REMINISCENT OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

the depth of five stories, each corridor being about six feet high and from two to four feet wide. It is said that if all of the Roman catacombs were stretched out in a line they would extend 5,000 miles.

In the side walls hollows were dug out for the reception of the corpses of the Christians, so that these bodies torn in the Roman amphitheatres might at last find permanent resting places. Sometimes the passages spread out, forming great underground chambers, in which the faithful met for the holding of services, free from Roman interference. Judging from the extent of the catacombs they must have sheltered 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of Christians in early troublous times.

When the barbarians over-ran Rome, 410 A. D., the catacombs were deserted, so the remains and painting found there

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

reminiscent of this miracle, in which eight baskets full of bread and two platters with a fish on each are to be seen. Here it is not only the miracle that appealed to these Christians, but it is probable that it points to the poverty of man who required great faith that "God would provide." Still another group of Christians sitting, or rather reclining at their meal, shows a fish on a platter, the general symbol of Christ.

Pictures of Jesus alone or grouped with the apostles are found on every side. As the "good shepherd" he is seen with great frequency. Sometimes with staff in hand and two sheep beside him, at others with a lamb on his shoulders and other sheep following him. The Biblical reference here may be to Isaiah xl, 11—or to that remarkable chapter on the "Good shepherd" (John xi: "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And the additional thought that Jesus will even find the lost sheep may not have been altogether wanting. A rather imperfectly preserved group of "Christ teaching among the twelve" has been found, but it is too indistinct to be more than identified.

A very clear picture of a boat so tossed by the waves that the rudder is visible evidently refers to the miracle of Jesus stilling the storm. His figure is to be seen in the bow of the boat with arms outstretched, and an angel resting its hand on his head.

A sketch of an early baptism is remarkable from the fact that a naked child is apparently being baptized in a stream by a beardless youth. If the Old Testament pictures are examined they prove as interesting as those from the New, because of the selection of those scenes and incidents connected more or less closely in a typical way with Christianity. Naturally the "Fall of Man" occurs frequently, with all of the participants, Adam, Eve, the tree of knowledge and the serpent. Even the aprons of fig leaves are rudely drawn. The sacrifice of Isaac, type of the great sacrifice is not forgotten. Both Abraham and Isaac stand with uplifted hands thanking God for the ram found for the offering.

The frequent repetition of Moses striking the rock and producing water has been supposed by some to suggest the idea of future baptism. To make the miracle all the greater another figure is seen seated on a rock and catching a fish from the water as it flows under the touch of Moses' staff. The tribulations of the Christians at Rome reminded them frequently of the persecutions of Daniel and his three friends, so it is not surprising to find a group of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace with hands uplifted in prayer.

Daniel himself is not forgotten and behold him in the lions' den, one lion on each side looking up beseechingly to him.

Jesus' reference to Jonah has made him and his adventurers a favorite with these artists of the catacombs, not only because Jesus spoke of him, but also because o fthe resemblance between the resurrection of Jesus after three days, and Jonah's living for three days in the belly of the whale and then being cast forth. One picture is found of the storm-tossed ship and Jonah being thrown overboard. The prophet is already in the jaws of the whale and the sailor who

HEALED OF THE PALSY.

threw him into the sea has his arms still outstretched. Another picture of Jonah being cast forth is remarkable for its strange drawing of the whale, which looks more like one of the sea serpents as reported by modern mariners. It does not look like a whale at all, but the idea is expressed and that was the chief object of the artist. The third picture of the Jonah series is that of the prophet reclining under the shade of the guord, with leaves and fruit hanging down over him, as related in chapter iv of the book of Jonah.

These will suffice to indicate the general character of the art of the catacombs, which has been imperfectly preserved, but is still so suggestive as to engage the deepest study of the greatest modern scholars.

CONCERNING BREVITY.

A Noted Example Shown to Be Unnecessarily Diffuse.

This is going the rounds of the press:

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the Brooklyn divine, once wrote to Thomas Carlyle, asking for an interview and received a characteristic note in reply. It said simply: "Three p. m. T. Carlyle."

It will be seen that Carlyle's answer is unnecessarily diffuse. "Three" without the "p. m." would have sufficed since no one ever makes an appointment for three in the morning. Caesars famous veni, vidi, vici, is commonly regarded as a model of terseness. But John Phoenix took occasion to point out that it was unnecessarily prolonged. His argument was that Caesar could not have seen without coming and that hence the "veni" could have been dispensed with. And just so since Caesar could not have conquered without both coming and seeing the "vici" was gratuitous. Caesar's announcement ought to have read simply "vici." "Ha!" Phoenix gravely added. "Caesar doubtless had a good deal of time on his hands when he wrote and his style suffered accordingly."

STORYETTES.

Dr. Johnson believed in the exchange of pre-matrimonial confidence in regard to disagreeable matters, so he told the widow he afterward made his wife that he was of humble extraction, that he had no money and that one of his uncles had been hanged. The sensible woman responded cleverly that she had no more money than he, and that, though none of her relatives had been hanged, she had several who ought to be.

Edward IV. had a habit of calling his wealthy subjects together and asking them pleasantly what they meant to give him for the maintenance of his wars. He was so extremely handsome and this so won upon a widow of good estate that she exclaimed: "By my faith, for your lovely countenance's sake, you shall have £200." This was so much more than he expected that the king kissed her. Whereupon she gave him £20 more.

An English traveler, coming to Tabreez, a town near the boundary between Persia and Georgia, had great difficulty in finding lodging for the night. A German merchant of the place came to his help and it was settled that he should take up his abode with a Nestorian Christian, who had been employed as dragoman by several embassies going to Teheran and who was said to speak English. The host's manner of introducing himself was amusing: "You come with me, all right. You know me? I Lazarus, find me it John in middle chapter. All missionary gentlemen know me, all right."

Cards.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?

Maid—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better, too.—Boston Traveler.

Hood's Pills

Restore full, regular action of the bowels, do not irritate or inflame, but leave all the delicate digestive organism in perfect condition. All druggists. 25c. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Blade Porcelain China

A NEW THING.

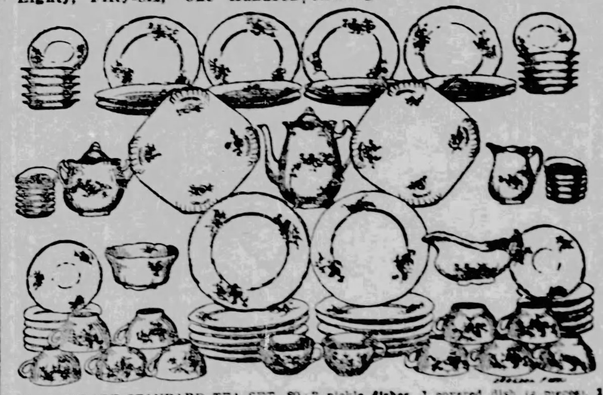
Tea Sets and Dinner Sets

Still Another Reduction in Prices, and New Ware With Later Designs.

Briefly described, Porcelain, or Semi-Vitreous China, is a very high grade ware, being superior in color and finish to Iron Stone China, and VERY MUCH LIGHTER IN WEIGHT, nearly equal to china.

Our design is the VIOLET PATTERN, being very handsome and entirely new, and a marvel of beauty in shape and color.

Eighty, Fifty-Six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in four colors and gold bands. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration is reproduced from a photograph of our new offerings.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher, and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, $4.75 (former price $7) or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.60 (former price $5.50); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of six subscribers and $6, the club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 8-piece Tea Set as a basis, the following 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (4 pieces), 1 casserole, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $7.85; or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00. The club of 15 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 1 casserole, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set, and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.25; or we will present one of these assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we formerly sold, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We suggest that readers do not buy first our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information.

ORDER BY NUMBER.—The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1 according to distance, will cover freight east of the Mississippi River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Porcelain China in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want, and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the home of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of six to fifteen for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

JUDICIAL ADVICE.

When Judge James B. Gantt, of the Missouri Supreme court, was a circuit judge down in Henry county, says the Columbia (Mo.) Herald, he had a good many railroad cases to try. Nearly every farmer along the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad sued the company. In a number of these cases a young lawyer, just arrived from Tennessee, represented the plaintiff. For the defendant corporation appeared Sam Priest—now Judge Henry S. Priest, of St. Louis—a shrewd, able, aggressive lawyer. Priest took advantage of every point and fought the cases from the start.

The young lawyer, who may be called Brown, was forced several times to amend his petition and try a new tack. Finally Judge

Gantt was compelled, under the law, to throw some of Brown's cases out of court, because they were improperly brought. Brown was mad, mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he rose and said:

"Your Honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?"

Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shewed by the lawyer, and asked:

"Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer. "Yes, sir. I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so it will be heard."

Judge Gantt smiled and said:

"Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer."

Brown wilted.

Table Jests.

When General George Sheridan was camping on the Lower Mississippi his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the general was not terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes. "No, sah!" said Harry. "In the evenin' Mass' George is so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeters, and in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind Mass' George."

"So you are fond of society?"

"I? Not at all."

"But all these friends whom you have invited?"

"I shall find all the greater pleasure in solitude after they have gone."

A resident of Elizabeth, N. J., says the mosquitoes are growing so bony that they are hardly fit for food.

The child's jest that a mistake is not a beefsteak would hardly be comprehended by the Kentucky young woman who, on being informed that her lover only played for dinners, suppers and small stakes, declared she was relieved to hear that he never played except for something to eat.

The proprietor of a new Washington hotel celebrated its opening by inviting a large number of statesmen to a supper. At the table a distinguished judge of diminutive stature took offense at a jocular remark of the landlord, and, handing him a dollar, said: "Sir, I wish to pay for my supper." The landlord handed him back fifty cents, saying quietly, "Children half price."—What to Eat.

New but Effective Method.

"How did her father strike you when you called on him?"

"First with his left and then with an umbrella."—Detroit Free Press.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel Plated Watch and Chain for one day's work. Write at once for full address by return mail and we will send you the Bluine post-paid, and a large Premium List. BLUINE CO., Box 2, Concord Junction, Mass.

FRUIT FARM for sale. For further information add. W. L. Hulbert, Box 153, Windsor, Mo.

ANTIPAIN Cures lame back or any lameness like magic. Sent on receipt of 25c. Address Box 183, Wolverine, Mich.

DON'T BE HARD UP $2,000 A YEAR EASY.

Gold, Silver, Nickel & Metal Plating. Ladies or Gents at home or traveling, taking orders, using our Platers. Outfits complete. Plating Dynamos, Electrotypers, Batteries, Nickels, Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper, Gold and Silver Solutions, Electroplating Supplies of every description. Everything in the line of plating. Send stamp for catalogue. Mention this paper. Address, FREE. NEAL & CO., PLATING WORKS, Cincinnati, O.

LATE AFTERNOON.

The day was dark, the day was drear,
The chill wind sang in sad refrains,
And long the wash of autumn rains
Had blighted hope and darkened cheer,
And filled the heart with nameless fear,
In the slow dying of the year.

The birds it clouds had flown away,
The cockcrop hung a dusky gem
On every flowerless frosty stem,
And wide and sere the sundial lay
Like one forgotten, old, and gray,
Life had forsaken earth that day.

Then in the swamp's dark solitude
The sweet witch-hazel shed her hair,
Golden and glad and debonair,
And sudden sunshine filled the wood,
And earth had changed to frolic mood,
And all the world was gay and good!
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

HANGED BY BIRDS.

Mr. Jerome Butler, of Marietta, Mich., vouches for the truth of the following story:

A sparrow entered a swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him in the nest for a few minutes

A CASE OF LYNCHING.

they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a struggle, and Mr. Sparrow was hanging as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. A horse's hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last.

Who can say after this summary trial and execution that animals have no sense of justice?

Novel Antiburglar Device.

In a report from Lupsic, Germany, Consul Warner describes a novel German antiburglar device. It consists of flexible safety curtains made of hardened steel tubes properly connected, which are invulnerable to the ordinary burglar's tools, for the reason that the tubes revolve freely and the centerbit or other tool can find no hold.

... THE COZY CORNER ...

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Written for The Blade.

To an old, old story we listen
Each year, when the joy-bells are rung,
When the Christmas trees are all lighted,
And the Christmas anthems are sung.
'Tis a story of peace from heaven
Of praise that went up from earth,
The meeting of rich and humble,
To honor the Savior's birth.

As we chant the carols so gaily,
With hearts that are merry and light,
Do we realize all their meaning?
Do we read their message aright?
Are we all quite sure to remember
As our song and laughter ring,
That the gold, and incense, and myrrh
Were laid at the feet of the King?
While the hymns of praise and devotion
Went up through the midnight sky,
From the hearts of those who worshipped,
The Gift of God most high.

Their gifts were but outward tokens
The expressions of sacred joy.
Whose glow made the richest offerings
Seem worthless, and full of alloy.
To-day 'tis the same with our giving
At this blessed Christmas time.
'Tis not gold, but the Christ-child's spirit
That lends it a meaning sublime.

It we make it a season of barter,
And give to receive again,
We shall lose the song of the Angels
And the promise its words contain.
But, if our gifts are all prompted
By love, and earnest good will,
The message God sent to the shepherds
Will be borne to His children still,
In the organ's deep-toned music,
In the softly whispered prayer,
In the merry laugh of the children,
It will hallow the Christmas air.

L. A. F. K.

Again is given to us the pleasure of meeting in our Cozy Corner to exchange Christmas Greetings and compare notes on the experiences that have come to us during the year just closing. To some of our number has come especial sorrows, to these we offer love and sympathy, and with those whose lives have taken on an added joy and happiness since our last Christmas meeting we join our thanksgiving for their good fortune.

We all have the "sunshine and the rain;" we all have sown the seeds for good or ill and some have reaped the harvest of their deeds and words.

If to some the clouds of trouble have seemed to have been darker than they could see any reason for, let such remember that behind each cloud the sun shines, that continual sunshine is not good for plants nor people, and that "chastened lives are better than merry ones; earnest souls are more needed than happy ones."

I have been looking over files of The Blade to-day, and I find so many names of friends who used to meet with us years ago, and I wonder where they are now; if they have forgotten us; if the accumulating cares of life have so filled their time that they do not have a few moments to spare us, or if their work here is finished, and they are now resting from the cares that daily beset us who remain for a time.

Mollie, who used to send us such good recipes, and who always had so much sympathy for any one who seemed in trouble; Aunt Hat, Old Maid, who was single because she "wouldn't marry a man who didn't suit," even for the sake of being married; C. C., Lima, Sarah Daniels, Philippa, Hungry Jack's Wife, Mrs. Lou Boyd, whose recipe for making "chicken scrapple" has been a reminder of her many times when the "scrapple" has formed a part of the editor's breakfast, and many, many others who were always so gladly welcomed, and I thought I would ask all who have ever met with us whether their names are mentioned above or not, to send us just a word of greeting for the New Year; a word that will let us know that though the writers may not find time from the manifold cares of their busy lives to write long letters, they still remember us kindly.

In a letter just received a friend takes exception to some of the things said in the Cozy Corner recently. She says she can not feel that it is her duty to make the first advances toward a person who has slighted or wronged her; that she is willing to forgive them when they ask forgiveness, etc., but does not think that she is required by any law, divine or human, to do more."

We will not enter upon any discussion of the "law," nor of the rights of any individual, for in these matters we have no authority for doing so, every one must go according to his own conscience, but if this friend, who writes us, or any other friend, will ask themselves what they would wish they had done, in case their offending friends should die before a reconciliation is effected, I think she, or any of us, in such event would feel that our pride had brought us lasting and irreparable sorrow—and that, of a truth, life is not so long for us that we can afford to lose a friend, even for a day, just because we stand upon our "right" to expect them to take the first steps toward reconciliation.

What next in Woman's Line? A quaint old ballad, without author's name, found in an ancient book to serve as a sweet little Christmas sermon on charity:

"And oh! remember, gentles gay,
For you who bask in fortune's ray
The year is all a holiday
The poor have only Christmas."

"When you, with velvets mantled o'er,
Defy December's tempest roar,
Oh! spare one garment from your store
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

"When you the costly banquet deal
To guests who never famine feel,
Oh! spare one morsel from the meal
To feed the poor at Christmas.

"So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer,
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the poor at Christmas."

What could be more simple and touching?

Almost, if not quite all of the young people now-a-days know the significance of a meeting under the mistletoe, but I wonder how many know the origin or the evolution, rather, of the custom which gives them the privilege they enjoy, or seem to enjoy, of the right to give and receive a kiss under the magic bough. For their information I give the following clipping from an exchange:

During earlier ages the mystic mistletoe bough, as now, granted a kissing charter to the swains, and the maids were willing sufferers. The sacred mistletoe was regarded with religious veneration by the Druids, and its berries of pearl as symbols of purity and associated with the rites of marriage. From this the transition was but slight to the kiss beneath the caballistic bough. This traditional sacredness, the genesis of which is unknown, has endured through the ages, and today for man and maid to meet beneath the mistletoe gives the right to a sacred kiss.

One great difference between the ancient and modern usage in this matter is in the character of the kiss given, as there is very little "sacred" kissing done in these times, and the kiss which should always be kept sacred to love or friendship, is given and received in the lightest and most thoughtless manner, with no thought except that it is expected, that it is the custom, and while with some a kiss means everything that is good, honorable or truthful, with the majority of people it is merely a habit—and not a very desirable habit, either.

At a Christmas party in Ohio a year or two ago, the gifts were wrapped in as many envelopes as there were guests, and were handed to the person whose name was on the outside wrapper. Upon opening it, he found a couplet in rhyme directing him to pass it over to some other one (whose name was there written) and so on until on the covering directly about the gift was the name of the one for whom it was intended. In this way, each gift was passed through the hands of every one present. The rhymes were made to suit some peculiarity of the individual reading them and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

It is not at all necessary that there should be any great poetic ability displayed in these rhymes—the less of that the more fun, generally, and these occasions are not intended so much for our mental improvement as they are for seasons of rest from our daily cares, and for the cultivation of the "Peace and Good Will" feeling in our hearts, and wherever the manifestation of this spirit of consideration and thoughtfulness of the happiness of others is concerned; the practical demonstration of the forgiveness of those who have shown themselves to be our enemies, or the desire on our part to make our little portion of the world better for our having lived, then, surely, there has good seed been sown which will increase an hundred fold, for to quote from one of our best authors:

"Christmas investments are repaid in bonds of love and stocks of pleasure, which yield a heavy interest in unalloyed happiness. And no man can get a better dividend."

When the Christmas feasting is over, the Christmas tree has given us its wonderful fruit; the Christmas guests gone and once again there is nothing but pleasant memories left to us of this happy time, when:

Yule come an Yule's gane,
An we hae feasted weel.
She Jack maun to his stall again
And Jeannie tae her wheel.

Then let us take up our duties with renewed courage, thankful for the good we have had; trusting implicity for that which we hope for in the future, and prove the sincerity of the words of thankfulness we have spoken by carrying with us the Christmas spirit of love and forbearance. So we can make each day of the year one of rejoicing for some one, and earn for ourselves the peace and joy that comes from "duties well performed."

Inda, of the Merry-Go-Rounds, sends this answer to an inquiry given in the Cozy Corner:,

To one who wishes to do right I don't think it would be at all wrong for you to invite those children to the kitchen to eat and insist on them staying there. And again, I don't think I should feel under obligations to keep cookies, jam, etc., on hand for them. I don't believe in "imposing on good nature" nor will I be imposed upon.

Two answers have been received in regard to making grain coffee. Mrs. J. H. Van Voorhees, sends the first:

Four quarts bran; 1 quart rye, 1 quart corn meal; 1 quart molasses; 3 eggs; mix thoroughly, spread thin on the dripping pans, and brown, stirring almost constantly to prevent burning.

The second recipe comes from Mrs. J. W. Rinker, to whom we have been indebted for many good and helpful words:

Five quarts clean bran; 2 cupfuls molasses and water enough to dampen it. Mix thoroughly; spread thin on tins and brown in the oven till hard and dry, taking care that it does not burn. Use from 1-3 to ½ cupful at a time; make and settle like any other coffee, and with sugar and cream to taste you will have a good, nutritious, inexpensive drink which I can recommend from years of experience.

Nellie M.,—To wash silk underwear you should never rub soap upon any except spots that may be very much soiled. Make a suds of warm water and ammonia—three gallons of water and three tablespoonfuls of ammonia being a good proportion. Let the garments soak in this for twenty minutes, then rub with your hands, never on a washboard. Rinse thoroughly and hang where they will dry quickly, out of doors is preferable when possible. When nearly dry fold and iron in an hour or two, with cloth between the silk and the iron.

Never touch a hot iron to silk as it will make it stringy and will seem to take all the life out of it. In pressing silk, or ribbons place paper or cloth over the material and iron with a moderately hot iron.

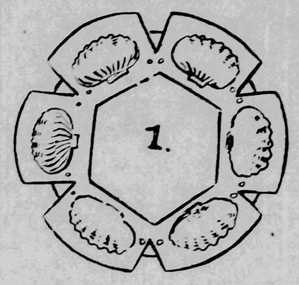
BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

As the ladies gathered around the fireplace in the Cozy Corner, to rest and have a pleasant visit with each other after the Christmas dinner, they naturally fell to discussing the Christmas gifts they had received. Mrs. K. exhibited a slumber robe she had made for her husband, which was admired by every one. The foundation was a thick, soft, yet firm cloth, in a Havana brown color and was especially prized by its owner as having once formed a large, circular riding cloak that had been worn many times by a very dear friend, whom he would never again see in this life. It was slightly worn in some places, but there was enough of good cloth to make the center of quite a large robe, and from the remainder she had pieced a border for it. The seam which joined the border to the center, was covered with a narrow strip of moss-green felt, and a border of ivy leaves and vines made of the felt, extended around the whole piece of cloth. These leaves, etc, were appliqued on the brown cloth with gold colored silk. In the center of the robe were the initials of the recipient's name, formed of very small leaves of the green and appliqued in the same manner.

The edge was finished with a narrow piece of the cloth, pinked on one edge and over the joining, was a row of feather stitching in the gold colored silk. The robe was lined with a very heavy piece of brown canton flannel, as it was intended for constant use, this was considered more suitable than any lighter fabric would be.

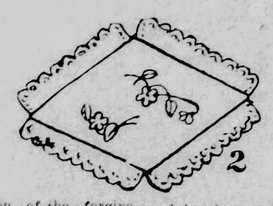
It was a very pretty and useful present and one that would be prized for its associations as well as for its intrinsic value.

Another present exhibited was a work basket made of cardboard cut in the form given in illustration No. 1. The cardboard was covered with silk and on



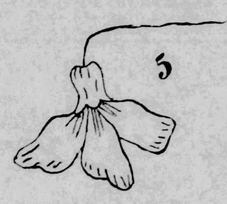
each section was fastened a shell. A ribbon was run through holes pierced in the sides of the shells, and this used to fasten the basket in shape. The ribbon loosened, the basket could be carried in a very small space with no danger of being broken.

After the various bits of fancy work had been admired May Lonard told the ladies how to make a toilet set of linen, at the same time giving them the following patterns to work by. No. 2 is a comb



and brush tray, embroidered in violets; No. 3 the ring tray and No. 4 a catch-all.

As will be readily seen, Nos. 2 and 3 require to be made so they can be laced up at the corners with baby ribbon. After the embroidery is finished, the articles are stiffened in this way. Make a thick flour starch and cook it till it is clear. Lay the article to be stiffened right side down upon a clean, white cloth; wet it with warm water and then



rub in the warm starch with your hand. Place between clean cloths and roll up. In half an hour, smooth it out and iron under a thin cloth till it is perfectly dry and stiff. Peel off the cloth and iron

again. Cut the scalloped edges after stiffening, lace up the sides and you will have two very pretty articles for your toilet table.

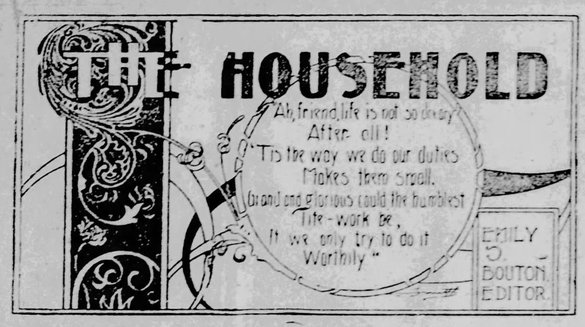
The Trilby heart (No. 4) is to place under bottles of perfumery. May kindly drew some patterns for those who were not accustomed to this work, and as they are given working size, they will be very acceptable to us all.

THAT GOOD OFFER.

The offer which Miss Bouton made to her household friends whose subscription expires in the near future some two or three weeks ago, will be held open for a short time longer in order to accommodate some who have not yet been able to avail themselves of it, and yet desire to do so. The offer is as follows: If $1.25 is enclosed in a letter addressed to her personally she will forward postpaid a cloth bound copy of her last book, Life's Gateways, and see that the name is entered as a subscriber to the Weekly Blade for another year. Those familiar with Miss Bouton's writing know that the book cannot fail to be helpful and encouraging. A portrait of the author forms the frontispiece.

"The soul defiled with sin, what real worship pays it?
The pot unclean, the cookery who eats it?
The heart impure, though it essays devotion,
Can Deity receive it? Nay, nay. Be pure, O man."

A little Magazine street girl asked her mother the other day how it was that Adam and Eve came to leave the Garden of Eden and was told that the devil entered the garden in the form of a serpent and tempted them, and God banished them. The little child pondered over the reply for a few moments, and then looking up, said: "Mamma, why didn't God send the devil away instead of Adam and Eve? They were in the garden first."—New Orleans State.



HEARING AND SEEING.

Pictures in music!

They are there always; sometimes so vivid and beautiful, so real, so vital with warm, pulsating life, that, with both sound and color appealing to the eye and ear of the inner self, it is as if one were floating away into some other world where everything is more ethereal and finer than in this. You must have seen them when you have been listening to some glorious melody which seemed to carry you out of the physical; seen them forming before you, coming out gradually from a golden mist, then passing on, one after another, as the music changed, returning perhaps again and again with some recurring strain, and always the same, with the same combination of sounds, as if there were some mystical connection between sound and color and consciousness, as indeed there must be to produce such effects.

Hark! Just now there comes to my listening ear a melody brought forth from the instrument by a master touch, and as I hearken, this is what I see: Spacious rooms with dazzling lights; flowers of varied hues so real that almost their fragrance comes to me; "fair women and brave men," and one woman, the most beautiful of all, floating on in the mazy dance to the sound of the music which rises high above all else. Underneath there is a minor tone that, as it reaches me pulsating low but clear, seems reflected in the depths of her eyes, telling a story of sadness and pain and longing which nothing can satisfy. This picture comes whenever I hear that melody, and I have learned to know her well and to be sorry for the suffering which I can not relieve. The light, the color, the warmth, all are there, too; all blending together into one beautiful whole.

Anon the music changes, and I see strong men before me marching to the battlefield, where they will struggle for the mastery over each other. There is the sound of the trumpet, the beat of the drum, the bugle's play, and over all the sun is shining, the trees are whispering in the soft, southern breeze, and the flowers nod gaily as they pass. This, too, goes, and other chords are struck which brings me within the shadows of a magnificent old cathedral, through the arched windows of which the light comes and illumines the figures of saints and virgins which are painted in rich colorings upon the glass, until they seem enwrapped in a blaze of glory. That fades away, and a band of gypsies dancing under the over-arching trees in picturesque attire takes its place.

And so they change, one after the other as the music changes, but ever the pictures come and join in telling the story which the composer was telling without words.

These pictures are always there. I do not say that all who hear, see, because to some the finest harmony is only a combination of sweet or pleasant sounds, to the real meaning of which they are not awakened. To others, while the consciousness of "seeing" is yet unknown, the senses the mind, or the spirit are moved to a greater or less degree, and sometimes with such force as to propel to some outward action. This is why martial music is played when men are marching to meet death.

Pictures in music! Pictures in the songs of the birds; in the varying notes of the human voice; pictures in the grand harmonies of nature, in the roar of the tempest, the roll of the thunder, in the singing river; pictures in the low, deep tones of the distant city's surging life; for, through each and all vibrates every note of the musical octave, each one with its own color and all blending together into a perfect whole, making pictures perceptible to the inner sight of those able to see as vivid as the music is to outward hearing.

Since, then, it is true that sounds can be translated into color—for even science is beginning to acknowledge this—if pictures which arouse and stimulate, sadden or depress, which debase or ennoble as they appeal to the senses or to the soul, are made visible to the minds eye by music, then it is plain that neither the gift of the composer, nor the skill which translates his work to the world, may be given to sensuality without incurring the same responsibility as belongs to the poet, the romancer, the painter, or the inventor, who prostitutes his genius.

Whatever may be used for humanity's good must be so employed, or the penalty incurred, in some way, at some time, is as surely suffered as for any other less subtle form of wrong doing. And music, with the pictures it creates, appeals both through the sound and sight to human beings, and thus renders the maker of melodies doubly responsible.

Christmas bells are ringing! Soon the morning light of the glad New Year will peep above the Eastern horizon, and voices will ring out the old-time greeting. Listening to the swelling notes of the sounding bells, later to the varying tones of the happy New Year greetings, and instantly before the mind's eye will move, panorama-like, pictures of the past, far away and near: pictures of other scenes and places that belong to the present, but always pictures that are more or less vivid as the vibrating chords touch the heart and its memories.

Blessed are they who can listen to the music of the bells and the voices, who can watch the pictures floating by, with a glad consciousness that the purpose of life is growing clearer to them now, and that both the sadness and the brightness which they hear and see have brought to them a clearer perception of duty, a larger love for humanity, a broader charity and a greater desire to serve those whose needs are great and their opportunities few!

And to those of us who are not yet in this blessed consciousness, may the coming year bring that experience which shall make the music of the Christmas bells and the voices of 1898 paint for us pictures betokening a growth in those things that belong to the higher part of our nature. May we listen, then, knowing that we are stronger, better, purer men and women than we are to-day.

May the Christ that is within us all become more and more visible in the outer life. And with this thought, I wish the great family of Blade readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas! I said it first, did I not? And there used, when I was young, to be a charm about having the first call on Christmas morning. It was understood among the children that the one so favored would surely obtain that for which he wished, and that is why I am in such haste with my greeting, for I do so earnestly wish for each and every one of my M. G. R., girls and boys a merry, happy day, and as we have our New England Girl with us

NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

we shall not fail to have a good time in the Merry-Go-Round.

Does she look as you had imagined? If you did not recognize her picture, you will surely recognize this characteristic letter from her:

After reading Onach's letter this is what I thought: "A teacher's life a holiday!" After that, little need of saying you had never taught. Now, Miss Onach, just step into my school-room while I give you a piece of my mind and introduce you to some of the most mischievous urchins that e'er drew breath.

Thought I was keeping house? So I was until an unexpected vacancy occurred in a school about three miles distant, and the committee, for lack of better material, gave me the position. For the first few weeks I kept house and drove back and forth, O, what holidays! Then the buttermaker at the creamery near my school-house went home sick, and my husband was hired in his place until another butter-maker could be obtained. Then my holiday's (?) programme was something like this: Rise and have my husband's breakfast ready by five; arrange school work until time to start for school; put up both dinners and drive to school, leaving my husband's dinner for him on the way; teach six hours; then go over to creamery and wrap butter while he printed it, until six or seven in the evening.

I almost forgot I was going to introduce you to my school. There's a youngster who won't study unless his teacher's eye is on him. Here are some more who seem to be waiting for an opportunity to tease their mates. That one is trying to pass a note. Here's a miss who writes excuses and signs her mother's name to them, besides setting the clock along occasionally. This one copies her exercises from another's paper, and these on your right are trying to amuse the rest. A few of them will steal and most of them will tell falsehoods.

As for fighting, the Corbetts, Fitzsimmons and Sullivans outnumber the Patrick Henrys ten to one. Some are just as good as the day is long, and some are just the other way, but I like them all. Wait a minute, do not let this "o'er true tale" frighten you, for there are worse things even than I have told for a teacher to contend with, but I will spare you, and wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Inda comes in true Christmas style, with a sleigh. Let us all invite her to take us to ride, for very few of us have had an opportunity to enjoy the pleasure of a sleigh ride this year, at least those of us who live in the eastern or southern portions of the country.

Dear Miss Prudence and the Merry-Go-Rounds: As this is our first snow I thought I would hop into the sleigh and come over for a chat. I know I was late for the picnic, but my letter was written on time and was prevented from being mailed by a severe accident which happened to one of my family. Nevertheless, I enjoyed "watching" the rest, just the same.

"W. E. A.," if I were to stay away two years, no one would inquire after me. You see, I'm only "a drop in the bucket," or at least I feel so sometimes.

I have a great deal to be thankful for this year. Good health, an abundance of everything, especially the Thanksgiving turkey. I raised myself. He was extra lent, too, if we were all sick the next day.

I extend a hearty welcome to "Saloonkeeper's Son." How I appreciated his letter he will know if ever he has the privilege of peeping into my scrap-book. It is one of the many "Diamonds" therein.

Our "Isabel" looks just as jolly as her letters always are. You are a girl after "me own" heart, Isabel.

"Weasel," remember our motto and bring some of those good ideas of yours for all.

We are honored to-day by the presence of one of the most faithful members of the Wonder Column; one whose years and experience give weight to his words and Miss Prudence and her M. G. R. children will gratefully appreciate the blessing of the good, old man.

Dear Schoolmistress: It does not seem to me that I have been away from the 'cademy very long, as I have read all the papers, and once in a while I see one of my articles in them, so it seems as if I had been there all the time.

Now please excuse me a few minutes and let me peep into the M. G. R. room.

Well, I declare, is not that really a social circle? I will just sit down by W. E. A. No, dear, you are not forgotten, and I thank you for your good and earnest words for Saloonkeeper's Son, and I earnestly join with you in the wish that he may so live that one day he may be able to see his father a Christian.

I feel proud of the M. G. R.'s when I see how much good they are doing, and should anything happen to the Wonder Column (which I hope will not) I would join them if they would let an old man like me in their merry circle.

God bless and have you in His care and keeping, is the earnest prayer of your friend, C. M. B.

For another pleasant Christmas surprise Grandpa No. 2 makes us a visit, and he gives a tribute to the memory of one of our number that explains the secret that made Vivian such a universal favorite:

With snow on the ground and snow in the sky,
I come this morning to bring my Christmas pie.
Oh, my, my, my! How fast the days go by!
To some great joy, and with others a deep deep sigh.

Now, of course, you will want to know all about how it is made, and even if I shall say that it is good (the hub of our motto) natural inquisitiveness would cause us to inquire. How is it made? Well, according to the Book of all Books, the recipe dates back to about 33 A. D. The crust is all made of Truth (the same Truth that Vivian so loved), and the filling of the pie is all sweet justice baked in the same oven with Vivian's, to wit: "Resolve," etc.

As Vivian seemed to be so well acquainted with the "bridegroom Truth," he must have been quite well acquainted with the "Bride, Justice," for they are the father and mother of all the redeemed. Yes, redeemed from untruthfulness and injustice.

I have a better photograph of the departed Vivian than any photographer ever could take. This is my picture of him: Justified and sanctified, because he stood on the same platform with Christ, so that to tell the truth about his truthful life, neither the truth nor justice would hurt him in the sight of man or God. I would, for one, like to hear Vivian's "Resolve" prefixed to our motto. I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s will vote yea, and if it is never put there in black and white, will "Resolve" to so read it in our minds. If there is ever a reform of any kind, the basis of that reform must be based upon these two principles, truth and justice, for there is no power outside which can overcome.

My business is a carpenter, but being an old soldier and a cripple, I am not good for much any more.

Please pass the pie truth and justice around, for it is a metaphor of the meal barrel of olden times always full, or like Christ feeding the five thousand, more of the fragments than when they commenced to eat.

This friend asks if Grandpa No. 1, who formerly wrote to the M. G. R., is still alive; if so he would be glad to hear from him, as would we all.

For his Christmas greeting, Hoosere Puer Poeta sends the following original poem:

Hear the merry, merry chime,
Ringing in the Christmas time.
Blithe and merry, happy day,
Are our hearts on Christmas day.

Ho, our hearts are light and free,
Joyful with sweet melody.
'Tis the birthday of our King,
Loud Hosannas will we sing.

Christ the new-born King has come
Now to call the wanderers home.
Hear now the happy song
Of the grand, angel throng.

Hear the music, sweet the sound,
Yes the echoes will go round
To the hearts in every clime,
At this merry Christmas time.

Gifts we offer friends so dear,
Gifts of love, from year to year,
And the greatest gift of love,
Comes to all, from One above.

Let us praise Him, one and all,
Answer love by love's own call.
Then our sorrows will cease,
And our gift will be—sweet Peace.

Architect gives us encouragement and a good resolution for the future:

Although it is not very long since I last wrote to the column, I again put in "an appearance" at the meeting. I have been reading The Blade for two, or three weeks back this evening, and thought I would put in my Christmas and New Year offering.

I wish that I could meet each M. G. R personally, and wish them a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. I think if each one has received as much help, as much information and knowledge from the letters written as I have, that we ought to pray that God's divinest blessings may rest upon each M. G. R. "now and forever," that they may live long to enjoy many New Years such as we now are about to enjoy. Let each one of us resolve to try to do even better than we did last year toward our column.

Now, as it is growing late, and many of the M. G. R.'s live a long distance from The Blade office, where this Christmas party is held, we will adjourn till next week, when we will acknowledge and discuss the gifts we may have received from our M. G. R. friends. These, it is of course, understood, being words of help and comfort we may send each other.

Before this year closes the Chaperone asks that each one of you will give one hour to review of the past year. Think of the blessings you have received; the help that has been given you to live better lives; the friends you have made, and kept, and against these place the disappointments and losses you have met with, and see if the "good" does not largely overbalance the "bad" in your account.

To the friends of the three who have been called to a higher service during the year—Vivian, Valentine and Lenore, we offer our love and sympathy. To the brides and bridegrooms who belong to us, we again extend congratulations and good wishes, and we pledge ourselves to live closer in the coming year to our mottoes than we have ever before done. Do we not, my girls and boys?

For her last words to you for this year of 1897, Miss Prudence gives you these: "Do your duty, else no knowledge, no beauty or love will ever lead you to the peace of God."

A word to the Merry-Go-Round members! There are still a few more of the badges left, but their number is limited. Those who want them will do well to order quickly. Only 25 cents for this beautiful badge which cost much more than that!

SONG OF A WINTER'S DAY.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
Now what do you think I know?
Five little birds and an empty nest.
Ho! ho! ho!

Down the hedge a brown thrush sang,
Right in my heart the music rang,
And he sang to his mate all day,
Five bright eggs and a nice warm nest,
And mother-bird warmed them close to her breast.

While gayly my brown thrush sang away:
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
Now what do you think I know?
Five little birds in a nice warm nest.
Ho! ho! ho!

But all little birds must eat, you know;
And baby birds so fast must grow.
For the first cold winter day,
So brown thrush sang no more to his mate,
But they fed the little ones early and late,
And now they have all flown away.
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
Now what do you think I know?
Five little birds and an empty nest.
Ho! ho! ho!

—Frances R. Gillette in Child Garden.

... OUR YOUNG FOLKS ...

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Where have you come from, Mabel mine,
While the stars still shine, the stars still shine,
With a happy dream in those eyes of thine,
Early, this Christmas morning?"

"I've just come back from Slumber-land;
I've come from the night in Slumber-land;
I've come from the stars in Slumber-land;
I've come from the music in Slumber-land;
Ear'y," this Christmas morning.

"What did you see there in the night,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"I saw a stable and star-lamp's light,
Early, this Christmas morning.

"I saw a stable in Slumber-land,
And a little Babe with a snow-white hand,
And 'round the Babe the dumb beasts stand,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you hear in Slumber-land,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"Music, Mother, a song divine,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What was the song that the music sung,
When over the stable the low stars hung?
"I can almost hear it still, in the sky,
Listen, listen—the strain draws nigh,
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'

"What else did you see in Slumber-land,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"I saw the shepherds kneeling round,
Early, this Christmas morning.

"What said the shepherds there on the plain?
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"I saw a stable and star-lamp's light,
Early, this Christmas morning.

"I saw a stable in Slumber-land,
And a little Babe with a snow-white hand,
And 'round the Babe the dumb beasts stand,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you hear in Slumber-land,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"Music, Mother, a song divine,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"They touched their reeds and strayed in strain,
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'
When the angels ceased, the shepherds sang
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'
And the earth and sky with the anthem rang,
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'

"O Mabel, Mabel, your dream was mine,
And sweet to my soul is your story told,
Like the shepherd reeds, be our hearts attuned
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER.

She was such a little bit of an old lady—it seemed as if the wind would blow her away if it could get one fair sweep at her! She stood in the door of the woodhouse, her stray white locks partially covered with her long gingham apron, the end of which she had thrown over her head. There she was, beckoning mysteriously to some one around the corner of the wood-shed.

"What is it, grandma?" A boy with a chubby, good-natured face had responded to her call, and stood beside her, his hands in his pockets, his cap and tippet drawn closely, for it was a sharp November morning.

"Ann Liza wants you to go over to town, don't she?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, see here, sonny, don't you say anything to anybody, but you put this letter in the postoffice for grandma, and I'll give you something some time."

"All right." The boy smiled inwardly, for he knew how unsubstantial grandma's promises were, since she had nothing in the wide world to give.

A crumpled letter came forth from the old lady's capacious pocket. "Better tuck it right up under your jacket, sonny, or she'll see it," she said, anxiously.

"No she won't grandma, for I'm going straight off this minute. Anyhow, I guess you can write a letter if you want to."

"I earned the stamp for it myself, stringing apples for Mis' Simmons when I was over there," quivered the old lady pitifully. "She gave me the paper and envelope, too. Now run along, sonny. Don't you lose it, and don't tell anybody." The old lady stepped back into the house.

"You must be hankering after the rheumatism, standing out there with nothing on you," remarked Ann Eliza, tartly. "Seems to me if I had to grunt around and pester somebody to rub me half the winter, I'd be a little careful."

"I was careless, that's so, Ann 'Liza," answered the old lady meekly. "Shall I darn those socks of Elijah's?"

"No, I'd rather you'd set on those carpet rags to-day. I want you to be careful, though, and not get any litter on my clean floor."

The voice of willing workers was as sweet music in the ears of stirring, ambitious Ann Eliza, and her tone was quite mollified as she brought out the big market basket filled with cut rags.

"You'd better finish up that red ball first, and then begin on the hit-or-miss," she said, her harsh voice as nearly pleasant as she could control from the years of habit formed in saying sharp, unpleasant things in loud, unpleasant tones. As a girl she had believed in speaking her mind, no matter whom she hit or hurt, and marriage had only matured the disposition, as husband, children, and of late years the unwelcome mother-in-law had come into her sphere.

The Barkers were living on a farm near a small prairie village. It was a lonely situation, and old Mrs. Barker pined sadly for companionship when the sharp winter months came on. She was then confined to the narrow limits of the house, and the wider range of Ann Eliza's temper.

All day long the patient old fingers were busy over the rags, sewing and winding until two large balls were added to an already bulging sackful. The time had passed more quickly than usual, for her heart had been full of her secret.

She had nodded pleasantly to herself as she thought of the letter which Johnny had contrived to let her know was safe on its way, and day-dreams of its possible results flitted through her mind from time to time as she worked. It was such a simple matter after all that even Ann Eliza need not have objected.

The old lady had sent a tiny advertisement to the "gratis" column of the weekly paper the only publication which Ann allowed herself. With what impatience the old mother watched for the next issue!

If she had known more of the work of preparing a newspaper, she would have had strong doubts of her letter reaching the office in time to be published that week; but her faith was greater than her knowledge. The faith was warranted, too, for it was such a pathetic little plea that the editor had strained several points of precedence to give it place.

The paper came at last. Ann Eliza never read advertisements, but it seemed to the anxious old lady that she had read everything else on this particular day.

"Everything is Christmas, Christmas, till it makes a body tired," said Ann Eliza, crossly, as she gave the paper a fling toward Mrs. Barker's armchair. "Goodness knows there won't be much Christmas in this house. It's all foolishness, anyhow, I'm——"

"No it's not," muttered Mrs. Barker under her breath. Ann Eliza and she had already had one tilt of words that morning, and she did not care to rouse up again her oppressor's weapon of words. Silently she seized the paper and turned to the column of "Requests and Answers."

Yes, there it was! The editor had revised her crude wording, and she read it over and over with increasing satisfaction. It ran: "Will some one write a Christmas letter to a shut-in who does not expect any other Christmas."

"Well, I be shut in," said Mrs. Barker to herself, nodding her head. "What with my rheumatism, and Ann 'Liza's scolding, I feel like a fly in a bottle, come winter. I suppose those shut-ins are mostly down sick in bed. If I was, maybe Ann 'Liza would be kinder to me, but I kind of hope I shan't be. My heart flops around so of nights, I think sometimes I'll die sudden."

"I believe your mother is getting off," remarked Ann Eliza to her husband later in the day. "She's been sitting there, but croon over that paper, and nod her head and mutter to herself all this blessed day. I'll give you fair warning right here, I'm not going to be pestered with any half-witted old woman. When it comes to that, she's got to go to some place provided for such folks."

Elijah Barker shrank as if a blow had struck him. He was a mild man, and had been very fond of his mother in a quiet way, in those days before Ann Eliza had brought him under the weight of her disciplinary thumb.

Ann Eliza did not believe in secrets, and the old lady had never dared to coax and fondle the children as her heart prompted her to do. As for Elijah, he had not kissed his mother in years, but he looked over at her wistfully and noticed anew with a pang how white her hair was, how thin and worn her wee old face.

He even dared to rebel in his heart against Ann Eliza's announcement. His old mother should never go to one of those public asylums, not if he went to the farm to maintain her elsewhere, if Christmas day approached. Mrs. Barker watched the incoming mail nervously. There was no cheerful hum of Christmas preparation going on in the dreary farmhouse. Not even an extra dinner was under way, and Ann Eliza sharply commanded the children when they told of the good times their mates were expecting.

"Stuff and nonsense, coddling up children to expect a fuss made over Christmas every year!" she said, grimly, when they had gone out to fill chip baskets instead of playing.

No letter had come when Christmas morning dawned, and Mrs. Barker beckoned Johnny aside.

"You'll go to the postoffice and see if there aint a letter for grandma, sonny?" she said, anxiously. "Go right out the back way, and you'll get back before any one misses you."

Johnny was almost as much excited as the old lady herself when he came running in a half hour later, with a letter, plainly, though pencilled, with a monogram on the seal, and directed in a pompous hand.

[Concluded next week.]

OUR WONDER COLUMN

Prize Christmas puzzles by Mollie Moore.

1.—WHO ARE THEY?

They are a band of students and born the midnight oil;
The hands can show the calloused mark of honest daily toil.
Across their noble brows are drawn the furrowing lines of thought,
And in their eyes, the radiant light of knowledge duly sought.
They're old and young, and tall and short, and near and far away,
But I hope they'll all assemble at the Cabinet to-day.

2.—CHARADE.

Entire I shine on the boards at night,
Beheaded I sail on the sea.
Read backward I give the woman a fright,
Though from them I frantically flee.
Transposed I'm the outcome of cunning and skill,
And the whole was the herald of peace and good will.

3.—WORD SQUARE.

One is something we give and get;
If you're two you're quite a pet.
Three will make you fume and fret;
Four's akin to the water lily.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

To ten, just add a thousand,
And mixed your ratios cardinal,
And you will see the sum to be
A glorious celebration.

5.—QUERY.

What does the "Bambino" represent to art?

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep,
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men?"

Answers to Puzzles of December 8.

1.—Albert Gallatin.
2.—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."
3.—Shrewd, onons, worst, snare, deer.
4.—one, squares.
5.—Capt. Robert Gray.
6.—Longfellow wrote:
"Not in the solitude of the crowded street,
Not in the echoes and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumphs and defeats."

Chat.

As none of us will feel like doing much work after our Christmas dinner, the puzzles have been few and easy, and will be so to-day, and will dismiss them early, with the best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Correct answers have been received from W. E. Tilton, M. Cranford, Fannie M. Hall, Larry Jim, N. Holt, G. W

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every edu-

COTTON REVOLUTION.

Changed Conditions Caused by Improvements in the South.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Room 6, Glover Building, F St.,
Washington, Dec. 21.

The recent announcement that the cotton mills operators of New England have been forced to make a reduction in the wages of their employes has caused a good deal of comment here and throughout the country generally. It is even claimed in certain quarters that this is a direct result of the operations of the Dingley act, just enacted. The facts of the matter are that the change is the result of no law but of the different conditions existing in the country to-day from those of years gone by. Members of Congress here, representing the manufacturing districts of the North as well as the new manufactories of the South have been making some inquiries of late into the matter, and some interesting facts as relates to the difference in wages, hours and prices of the different sections where cotton is manufactured have been brought to light.

There are two distinct and widely separated cotton manufacturing belts, the one in New England of long establishment, and the other in the South, where the cotton grows, but which is of quite recent development. Other things being equal, it is plain that the southern belt must have the advantage, the mere matter of transportation of the raw material being sufficient to handicap the Northern manufacturers. But in addition to this other things are not equal. The Southerners have the advantage all around. They are not lacking in experience, in the first place because in many cases they are New England manufacturers, who, seeing the advantages offered in Southern fields, have moved their bases of operations to the cotton-growing sections. And there they get a larger number of hours for a day's work than is permitted by law in New England; they pay less per day for that labor, their fuel needed is near at hand in limitless quantity in mother earth, and in many cases their properties have been exempted from taxation for a term of years as an inducement for them to establish operations. Add to this the fact that the cotton is right at the door of the mills, instead of thousands of miles away, and it will readily be seen why they offer the manufactured article cheaper than their New England competitors, which means of course a reduction of expenses in the New England factories and a consequent reduction in wages.

But the reduction in the wages of cotton manufacturers' employes is almost the only instance which can be cited where wages are being reduced, while on the other hand instances are plenty where wages are being increased in all sections of the country.

Some Increases.

Following are some of the instances mentioned in Bradstreet's covering the past month and occurring simultaneously with the single reduction in cotton mill wages about which so much comment is being made:

At Youngstown, O.—Glass works, increase in wages 10 per cent., taking effect December 1.

The Eddy Woolen mills, Fall River, Mass., increase in wages 10 per cent.

President Gould, of the Missouri Pacific road, advances wages 10 per cent., the change affecting 15,000 employes.

In Fremont Worsted mills, at Methuen, Mass., an increase in wages from 10 to 20 per cent. is announced.

New York Knife Company, at Walden, Mass., advances wages 10 per cent.

Chaplin Mining Company, Antoine Ore Company, and Aragon Ore Company and Pennsylvania Iron Mining Company, of Iron Mountain, Mich., announce 10 per cet. increase in wages to take effect January 1, affecting over 2,000 miners.

Sharon, Pa., Iron works, increase in wages from 10 to 20 per cent.

Pennsylvania railway employes at Egg Harbor City, N. J., receive an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

Bachman & Co., weaving establishment, Philadelphia, increase wages from 5 to 8 per cent.

Advance of 20 per cent. affecting several thousand worsted mill employes in Rhode Island.

Olneyville, R. I., Woolen mills advances wages 20 per cent.

November pay rolls of East Liverpool, O., potteries reported double those of August; Twenty of the twenty-nine potteries running day and night.

Wyoming Lace mills, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., advance wages 15 per cent.

Bessemer and Carbon Limestone companies and others in Pennsylvania increase wages 20 per cent.

Jones & Loughlin Pittsburg Iron mills advance wages 10 per cent.

Blast furnaces in Mahoning Valley, Pa., increase wages 10 per cent., beginning December 1, affecting over 3,000 workmen.

Wages of miners at Creed, Col., advance 20 per cent.

Wheeling, W. Va., Iron and Steel works advance wages of 2,000 employes 10 per cent.

Atlantic mines at Houghton, Mich., advanced wages 85 per month.

COLISEUM BURNED.

Great Chicago Exhibition Building Totally Destroyed.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—The Coliseum building at Sixty-third street and Stony Island avenue, in which Hon. William J. Bryan was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the Democratic party, was last night destroyed by fire. This is the second time that the great structure in its history of less than three years has been laid in ruins. The building had been rented for an exhibition of a manufacturers' exposition, and was filled from end to end with booths, all of which burned with their contents. Three hundred persons connected with the exposition were in the huge structure when the fire began. In attempting to save their personal effects, many had narrow escapes from death. A large number were injured.

The insurance on the Coliseum aggregates $120,000 and is taken out in the name of the Chicago Exhibition Co., with the loss, if any, payable to the Illinois Trust & Savings bank, as its interests may appear. The exhibitors were without exception uninsured.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND FIRE.

The Pavilion, On the Site of the Old Prison for Rebels.

Sandusky, O., Dec. 25.—The great pavilion on Johnson's Island was totally destroyed by fire yesterday in plain view of hundreds on the water front in this city, unable to give assistance. The blaze originated from a stove. The half dozen residents of the old prison grounds fought heroically but could not subdue the flames. The loss is $30,000, a fourth of which is covered by insurance. It was the site of the old prison for Confederate soldiers.

HIGHER WAGES.

Nice Christmas Gift for Potters of the East.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 25.—After a two days' conference which was concluded last night between the joint committee of operatives and manufacturing potters of the east, the latter agreed to give the kiln men, sagger makers and dippers an increase of 12½ per cent in their wages when they go to work Monday.

TEN WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS!

Strange as it may appear, that biz family paper, the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SENTINEL, of Denver, Colorado, (founded 1880) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; coins of six 50c. 12 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce the paper. Gold rings set with Rocky mountain gems are given free as premiums. Latest mining news and illustrations of grand scenery each week, also true stories of love and adventure. Address as above and mention THE BLADE. Write to-day; postage stamps taken.

AN APPALLING SHOCK.

Was the Suicide of Miss Herbert to Her Friends.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The suddenness of the tragedy that caused the death of Miss Herbert yesterday made it all the more awful and appalling for the dear ones who were so devoted to her. Her sister was prostrated and the elder Mrs. Micou was deeply affected. Ex-Secre-

MISS SELIA HERBERT.

tary Herbert, the devoted father of the dead girl, was absent from the city on a visit to Montgomery, Ala. His son-in-law, Mr. Micou, took immediate measures to notify Mr. Herbert. A telegram was sent to the ex-secretary announcing that his daughter was dangerously ill, and it was followed by another message sent later announcing that she was dead.

Mr. Herbert reached Washington at 10 o'clock last night, having been on his way from Alabama to spend the Christmas holidays with his family, when the news of his daughter's death met him on the train. The funeral will be held today, and the remains will be taken to Montgomery, Ala., for burial beside Miss Herbert's mother.

DYING IN HOSPITAL.

Mrs. Ballington Booth's Illness Due to Mental Worry.

New York, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Ballington Booth, according to the bulletin from the Presbyterian Hospital, passed a quiet night, but is very low, and the physicians extend little hopes of her recovery.

Mrs. Booth is suffering fro man aneurism of the heart. That means that there is a lesion, a giving way of the artery wall. So much for the practical side. There is a sentimental one.

Some say that Mrs. Booth's heart has been broken; that successive shocks and continued grief have brought her to a state almost helpless. Bitter and persevering persecution by General Booth of the Salvation Army is said to be responsible for the condition of his son's wife.

Ballington Booth, when seen yesterday at the Volunteers' headquarters, in Union square, said: "There is no doubt in my mind, or in the minds of those in the Volunteers' service who know the facts, that constant attacks, personal innuendoes and slanderous anonymous letters emanating from Salvation Army headquarters have broken my wife's heart."

When asked if he believed that these persecutions were prompted from headquarters in London he would not answer. General Booth, Ballington's father, is in charge of the London headquarters of the Salvation Army, or the "English Army," as it has come to be known.

Light on Army History.

The sickness almost unto death of the handsome wife of the commander of the American Volunteers brought out yesterday what is said to be the true story of why Ballington and Maud Booth cut away from the general and his domination in London and started the Volunteers as a purely American religious institution.

Foremost among reasons was the bitter opposition of the son to a colonization scheme, through which his father proposed to plant in this country vast colonies of European paupers. It was when the general was here to boom his scheme for a fund of more than $1,000,000 for "Darkest London" that the son finally decided to revolt.

Instead of carrying away several hundred thousand dollars, the general could only gather $16,000. He felt piqued, and accused his son of trying to balk his plans. He was not right in this, but Ballington Booth and his wife did not aid him. They say they did not feel justified in asking America to assist in solving a social problem that concerned London alone.

Another fear that Ballington Booth had was that the colonization scheme would be forced upon him. Time and again the general broached the subject, but the son and his wife demurred.

One Scheme Disliked.

General Booth's plan for "Darkest London" comprised three steps: The first was to establish a "city colony;" the second, a "farm colony," and the third, an "over-the-sea colony." Young Ballington encouraged the idea of a city colony in London and a farm colony in England, but he disliked the "over-the-sea colony" when it was proposed to him that London's paupers be shipped here. He told his father that Americans would not consent to pay several hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of relieving London of her paupers and bringing them to this country. This is said to be the real reason of the split and the formation of the American Volunteers.

Through his sources of revenue, General Booth has established his city colony in London and his farm colony in England despite the facts that America only gave $16,000 to these projects. But he had not given up his "over-the-sea" colonization scheme, and it is believed the purpose of his visit here in the first week of next month is to push that plan.

MOTHER M'KINLEY'S WILL.

The President and His Brother Are Made the Administrators.

Canton, O., Dec. 25.—President McKinley and his brother Abner are named as executors of the last will of Nancy Allison McKinley. The will was filed in Probate court to-day. It bears the date of May 20, 1895. All the property, save a little gift to a faithful family servant is bequeathed to Miss Helen McKinley, the daughter who lived with Mrs. McKinley at the old homestead.

WAGES RAISED.

The Union Vote Against the Strike and This is Their Reward.

Ishpeming, Mich., Dec. 25.—As was anticipated, the Miners' union voted against the strike advocated by officers of the union. Following the announcement of this result all the local mine operators announced a 10 per cent increase in wages, taking effect from December 1.

Pacific Steamer Record.

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—The steamer China, which arrived yesterday from Honolulu, made the quickest trip on record, not only between Yokohama and Honolulu, but between Honolulu and San Francisco. All previous records were beaten by one day, one hour and 40 minutes.

BIG BANK GOES DOWN.

Failure of Chestnut Street National in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 23.—The Chestnut Street National Bank did not open its doors for business this morning. The reason therefor was stated in a notice posted on the door, which read as follows:

"The Chestnut Street National Bank is closed for business, and is in the hands of the national bank examiner.
(Signed) "WILLIAM M. HARDT,
"Examiner."

A crowd of depositors soon gathered about the door, but there was no especial excitement, and, as a general rule, after each had learned the nature of the notice on the door, he moved away, and his place in the crowd would be taken by others anxious to glean something regarding the situation. The bank has at all times held a good reputation, but it has been known for some time that its business, and necessarily its profits, have fallen off considerably. The bank's suspension, however, was a great surprise, especially so in view of the high standing of its officers. The bank was started in 1887 on a capital of $500,000 with Robert E. Patterson, as president. When the latter took his seat as governor of Pennsylvania, in 1891, Dr. Singerly succeeded him as president of the bank.

The bank was a city depositary, and there were city funds in the bank to the amount of $289,854. The state of Pennsylvania also had on deposit with the bank on December 1, $225,000, according to the official statement of State Treasurer Haywood, issued on that date.

The bank was also a depositary of the national government, but the government is fully protected against loss by holding $100,000 United States bonds as security.

It is said that the bank holds the funds of the city police and firemen's pension fund, the school teachers' pension and annuity fund, and deposits of the Fairmount Park commission, which latter includes bequests for the park improvement. During the past few weeks President Singerly has made great efforts to enable the bank to meet its liabilities. Yesterday the matter was laid before the clearing house committee of the Philadelphia banks, and at a meeting of the committee a proposition to issue $2,000,000 6 per cent preferred stock of the Record Publishing company, as collateral for loans, was considered. The investigation developed that this offer was not sufficient to justify the banks in advancing the needed funds. The members of the clearing house say that no other banks are involved in the failure. Concerning this view of the case Mr. Singerly said to-day that "arrangements had been made to make an extra stock issue of $2,000,000 by the Record Publishing company, and that it was thought that it would be satisfactory, but somehow or other the plan fell through."

Causes of the Failure.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Mr. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, said to-day in regard to the failure of the Chestnut Street National Bank, of Philadelphia, that the suspension was primarily due to the shrinkage in the value of the bonds and notes of the Singerly Pulp and Paper Mills located at Elkton, Maryland. The capital of the bank is $500,000, and at the present time its deposits aggregate the amount $1,700,000, and its surplus about $150,000. Mr. Eckels has been in Philadelphia several times recently trying to make arrangements by which the pulp and paper mills securities could be taken out of the assets of the bank, and preferred stock of the Philadelphia Record company substituted. By this and certain other changes, Mr. Eckels hoped to put the bank in first-class condition. Up to 5 o'clock last night it was thought that the plan would be adopted, but at that time a hitch occurred which rendered suspension necessary. When the pulp and paper mills securities were taken by the bank they were regarded by every one as first-class, but since that time paper has fallen in price from ten cents a pound to less than two cents, and the securities have depreciated in proportion. Mr. Eckels said there was not the least suspicion of wrong doing on the part of any one connected with the bank, and he still had strong hopes of arranging for the voluntary liquidation of the bank's affairs without the expense incident to the appointment of a receiver. Mr. Eckels expressed the belief that the bank ultimately would pay every dollar it owes. The Philadelphia Record, which is owned by President Singerly, Mr. Eckels said, is a very valuable property, paying about 5 per cent annually on about $5,000,000.

State Involved.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—It was announced to-day by the state treasurer that the state has $225,000 on deposit in the Chestnut Street National Bank of Philadelphia.

TREATMENT OF APOPLEXY.

Hole Cut in the Skull and Blood Clots Successfully Removed.

New York, Dec. 27.—One of the most notable surgical operations performed recently and one which may furnish a precedent for the treatment of apoplectic cases in which the pressure of a clot of blood formed on the brain can be localized, took place at the New York Post-Graduate Hospital. The operation was that of trephining—the cutting of a hole in the skull of the patient through which the effused blood, resulting from a stroke of apoplexy, was allowed to escape, and it was performed by one of the visiting staff of surgeons, a local physician, who lectures and operates at the post-graduate and other hospitals before a body of clinical students, doctors from all parts of the country, who were in New York with a view to "brushing up" on the latest developments in work in their profession.

The patient was Henry Chevallier, a French dressmaker, 58 years old. M. Chevallier is a man of good physique, not unusually plethoric, and at the time of his apoplectic stroke, which occurred on December 16, was apparently in good health. When M. Chevallier was seized his family physician discovered that the patient was fast dying. It was decided to perform an operation as quickly as possible. The skull was trephined and the clot of blood, formed by the bursting of some of the smaller arteries on the left side of the head, was allowed to escape. Some 30 seconds after the brain pressure, which was killing the patient, had been removed, his pulse and respiration, which had almost stopped, began to approach their normal actions. From that time he has steadily improved. Not the slightest setback had occurred to reflect discredit on the judgment used in performing the operation and the surgeon who carried it through looks for the patient's recovery. Just what his state of mind and body for the rest of his life will be is a matter of future development.

WAGES ADVANCED.

Grand Jury Takes Them to Task for Running Gambling Resorts.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—The grand jury voted 35 indictments against the proprietors of alleged gambling resorts and among those indicted are three aldermen of the city. The aldermen are Michael McKenna, of the First ward; William J. O'Brien, of the Sixth ward, and John Powers, of the Nineteenth ward.

Powers and O'Brien are partners in the saloon and it is claimed are joint owners of a gambling resort. All the indicted aldermen gave bonds for their appearance when wanted.

Good News for the Miners of One Alabama District.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 24.—The Corenna Coal Co., and the Virginia and Alabama Coal Co., employing about 1,200 coal miners in Walker county, have announced that January 1, they will advance wages from 60 to 70 cents per ton. The increased demand for coal and need of more labor is the cause of the advance. Other operators are expected to follow suit.

MIXED PAINTS 45c We sell Ready Mixed Paint, all colors, Guaranteed the highest grade made at 45 cents and up per gallon. For our handsome color card, full particulars and our easy pay-after-receipt terms CUT THIS AD OUT and send to it. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILLS.

TREE FEL ON IT.

The Sixty-Sixth Ohio Regiment Column Badly Injured.

Columbus, O., Dec. 25.—Adjutant General Axline has received a letter from General Eugene Powell, of this city, in which is inclosed a letter from Colonel John P. Nicholson, of Pennsylvania, representing the war department at the Gettysburg National Military Park, in which he calls attention to the injury to the monument of the Sixty-seventh O. V. I. The column has been broken by a tree falling upon it. The monument has been otherwise damaged, and it is estimated that $500 will be necessary to put it in proper repair. General Axline has already written the builder of the monument as to the probable cost of repairs, and at the coming session of the legislature will bring the matter before that body for an appropriation.

General Axline is in receipt of a number of other communications relative to battlefield monuments at various points more or less famous in civil war history. Among them is one from Colonel Cornelius Cadel, the chairman of the battlefield commission of Pittsburg Landing, asking that Ohio erect monuments at that point to the memory of its sons who participated in that exciting battle. Another letter received lately is from Dr. Lawrence Wilson, of Company D, Seventh O. V. I., suggests the erection of a monument upon the battlefield of Look's out Mountain and Mission Ridge, Ohio's regiments in that battle were the Fifth, Seventh Twenty-ninth and Sixty-sixth. Pennsylvania has already erected several monuments there. It is not unlikely that these matters will come up for treatment in the forthcoming message to the General Assembly of Gov. Bushnell.

AGAINST THE STANDARD.

United States Pipe Line Asks for Heavy Damages.

New York, Dec. 24.—Papers were filed to-day in the United States Circuit court in a suit brought by the Unite States Pipe Line against the Standard Oil company, New York Transit company, Pennsylvania Railroad company, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad and Erie Railroad companies, Tidewater Pipe company, National Transit company, William T. Wardell, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, John D. Archbold, O. B. Jennings and Wesley H. Pitford. Conspiracy is charged, and damages amounting to $658,461, with interest, and $10,000 as attorneys fee are asked for.

The Pipe Line alleges that the conspiracy has been in existence since January, 1882, and prevents any persons or corporations other than the defendants from storing and transporting oil, and conducting operations incident to that business. This has been done, it is further alleged, by suits and injunctions, and the publication of defamatory statements regarding the United States Pipe Line company, reflecting upon its management and financial responsibility, and by the destroying of its pipes and by inducing employes of the company to betray their trust.

The defendants in their answers make a general denial of the charges, and intimate that the pipe line was not organized for the storing and transporting of oil as a common carrier.

BURSTING BOILERS

Cause Succession of Explosions That Do Terrible Damage.

New York, Dec. 24.—A succession of explosions at the United States Acetylene Liquidifying Company, in Jersey City, to-day, caused the loss of two lives and $20,000 damages to the works. The dead are: Thomas Fowler, the assistant engineer, and Max Grim. There were only three other employes in the building at the time of the accident and they received greater or less injuries. Their names are Fred Burr; Fritz Epzol and Charles White. James Leeb, who was working half a block away, was badly injured by a piece of the boiler. A fragment of the boiler tore the roof from a trolley car some distance away.

It is said that the first explosion was due to the boilers bursting and as the fire spread to the various acid tanks there was a succession of deafening reports. Nearby buildings as well as the Central Railroad of New Jersey trestle caught fire but the losses are not serious in these instances. The machinery of the local electric light company was affected by the jar causing the electric lights in various buildings to go out. Max Grim's body was blown through a window and torn to pieces. The body of Assistant Engineer Fowler was found in the ruins of the wrecked building.

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS

To Be Issued in Honor of Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Postmaster General Gary has decided to order a special issue of stamps commemorative of the holding of the trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha the coming year. This is done at the request of persons prominent in the management of the exposition. They will be of the denominations of 1 cent, 2 cents, 5 cents, 10 cents and $1. Suggestions for designs for the new issues will be received at the postoffice department from any persons who desires to submit them. There will be no attempt to withdraw from sale the regular issues with a view to the exclusive use of the new stamps, as was the case during the World's Fair when almost all postal business was transacted with the Columbian stamps, but they will be freely supplied whenever there is a request for them from postmasters.

The new issues will be different in colors from the existing ones so they may be readily distinguished apart.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Democrats Carry Boston With a Reduced Majority.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 22.—Mayor Josiah Quincy, Dem., was re-elected yesterday by a decreased plurality over ex-Mayor Curtis, his opponent of two years ago, although the city went Republican at the state election last month. The attempt to split the Democratic vote in the city by vigorous work on the part of Thomas Riley, running as a silver Democrat, proved futile. His rallies were crowded and his audiences apparently intensely loyal, but less than 3,000 voters supported him at the polls, the Democrats as a rule remaining loyal to Quincy.

The total vote was but little more than that of two years ago when the registration was 91,483 against 102,480 for the present election. The total vote for mayor, with one precinct missing, is as follows:

Quincy, Dem., 39,707; Curtis, Rep., 35,741; Riley, Bryan Dem., 2,885; Goldstein, Socialist, 776.

SCHOOLHOUSE AUCTION.

For Nearly 600 Miles to Marry a Widow Who Refused Him.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 22.—Reuben Lane walked on crutches from Barnsboro, Pa., to Topeka, a distance of 597 miles, to marry Mrs. Eliza Ann Parker. When he arrived here she refused to have him. He has employed a lawyer, and will commence action for breach of promise. He is a widower and 33 years old. She is a rich widow, has been married three times and is 60 years old. They became engaged through a matrimonial agency. It took Lane thirty-six days to make the trip.

JOHN R. M'LEAN.

Democrats Will Vote for Him for Senator.

Columbus, O., Dec. 23.—It is quite evident that the majority of Democrats in the legislature are still intending to make John R. McLean United States senator. As the matter stands he is quite likely to receive the caucus nomination. They hope that there will be a long dead lock and in the end when the majority of caucus rule is enforced and some of the Republicans are absent a vote may land him.

GRATIFYING RESULTS

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE NEW STOMACH REMEDY.

Not a Patent Medicine, but a Safe Cure for All Forms of Indigestion.

The results of recent investigation have established, beyond question, the great value of the new preparation for indigestion and stomach troubles; it is composed of the digestive acids, pepsin, bismuth, Golden Seal and similar stomachics, prepared in the form of 20-grain lozenges, pleasant to the taste, convenient to carry when traveling, harmless to the most delicate stomach, and probably the safest, most effectual cure yet discovered for indigestion, sour stomach, loss of appetite and flesh, nausea, sick headaches, palpitation of heart, and the many symptoms arising from imperfect digestion of food. They cure because they cause the food to be promptly and thoroughly digested before it has time to sour, ferment and poison the blood and nervous system.

Over six thousand people in the state of Michigan alone in 1894 were cured of stomach troubles by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Full sized packages may be found at all druggists at 50c. or sent by mail on receipt of price from Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. Send for free book on stomach diseases.

NO MORE SNORING.

Kansas Genius Thinks He Has an Invention With Millions In It.

Topeka, Kas., Dec. 25.—Snoring will be a thing of history when Richard Jacks of Wyandotte county, Kansas, gets his new invention, the "anti-stertory," on the market. The device has been patented and a company has been organized for its manufacture, with some of the richest men in Kansas behind it. A factory has been erected at Bonner Springs, and work is already going forward on the manufacture of the inventor. Not only will the device present a perfect preventive for the terrible habit of snoring, but will also act as a face beautifier, and the company expects to sell millions of them to young men and maidens who want to be handsome.

Snoring is a habit to which nobody pleads guilty. "What! I snore! Never," is a commonplace disclaimer, and may, when the "patient" uses the "anti-stertory," be made with perfect assurance of its truth. The thing is made from white elastic, about the same width as that used for garters. It is so constructed that it looks like the skeleton of a mask. It covers the face like a bridle, and when fastened at the crown of the head the face is pulled into a natural position, preventing the wearer from breathing through the mouth. In other words, it keeps one's mouth securely closed while in slumber, and thus prevents the habitual or chronic snorer from making nights hideous. The market price of the anti-snorers will be 50 cents each.

How did Richard Jacks, a Kansas farmer, come to invent such an ingenious device? Years ago when he was a young man, he had a beautiful wife, whom he lost just because she was in the habit of trying to split his soft palate while he slept. Mrs. Jacks, being human, had to sleep, and sleep was impossible while Richard snored. She got a divorce, and Mr. Jacks began from that moment to think up a system which would relieve humanity of the awful curse it has been weighted down with for ages in the way of the stertorous sleeper. The Kansas farmer expects to make a fortune out of his invention.

WALKED ON CRUTCHES

Deserted Buildings in Western Kansas to Be Sold at Auction.

Topeka, Kas., Dec. 22.—A public auction of school houses is a novelty that will be witnessed in western Kansas.

State officials have decided that school houses in depopulated districts, which are not in use, may be sold to the highest bidder. There are more than 100 of these buildings scattered over the prairies that have not been in use for years, the abode of bats and owls. They are decaying and crumbling.

They will be sold to the highest bidder, to be used for cattle sheds or cut up into kindling wood. In many cases a single family runs a school from the taxes gathered, from non-resident land owners.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HUGE PROJECT.

Canal to Connect the Baltic and the Black Sea.

New York, Dec. 24.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: The Russian government will begin next spring upon a stupendous piece of work, which, like the trans-Siberian railroad, will be of great strategic and commercial value to her when completed.

The project contemplates the construction of a canal connecting the Baltic and Black seas, which can be traversed by battleships of the heaviest tonnage at six knots per hour. By means of this canal Russia will be able to mobilize a huge fleet in the Baltic in 167 hours by bringing to that sea the Black sea squadron, or can collect in the Black sea in the same time the Baltic and Black sea fleets. In case of a general European war over the division of China at the time of the completion of the canal, it would not be a difficult matter for Russia to send her fleet through the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, down the Suez canal, across the Indian ocean to China, while she could utilize the trans-Siberian railroad to transport troops. The canal will remove the necessity of sending a fleet across the North sea and down the Atlantic in order to reach the Mediterranean, and through that sea to reach the Suez canal and China, and it was pointed out that in case of war Great Britain or Germany would take measures to see that the Russian fleet did not pass through her waters without a hard struggle.

It is officially stated here that the canal when completed will connect the city of Riga on the Baltic and Cherson on the Black sea. Advantage will be taken of the Dwina river, at the mouth of which Riga is located, and of the Dnieper river, which flows into the Black sea, and at the mouth of which Cherson sits. It has been estimated by the Russian engineer that to connect the two rivers, 125 miles of excavation must be made.

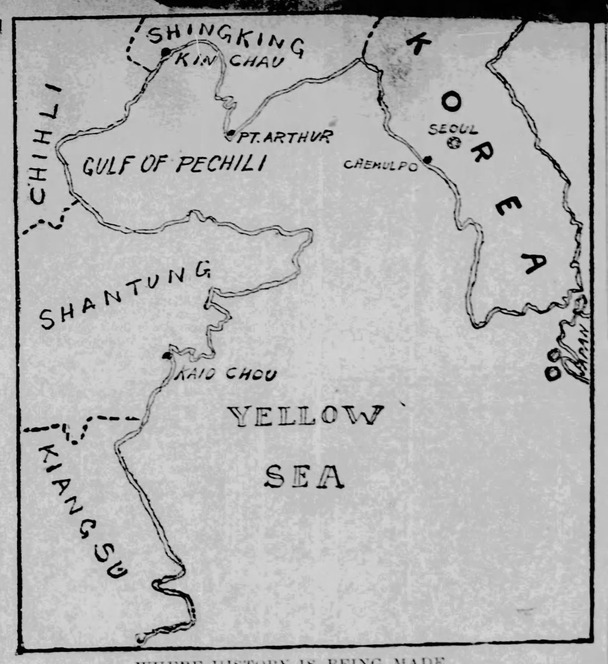
The length of the canal will be 1,000 miles. It will have an average depth of 28.04 feet. The cost of the work will be $97,000,000, and it must be completed by 1902. It is frankly admitted by the Russian authorities that the canal is being built for military purposes, just as the trans-Siberian road is being constructed, but they say the waterway will be of benefit commercially. The wheat raised in the southern part of Russia, near the Black sea, and the coal and petroleum obtained from that section can be transported more cheaply to markets than by railroads or by steamers going through the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean. Sixteen cities are situated along the route of the proposed canal, and they will be benefited by its construction.

"Russia maintains a formidable fleet of battleships and cruisers in the Black sea," said a well-known naval commander, "such action being in violation of the provisions of the Berlin treaty. The construction of the canal will mean that this fleet can be re-inforced within seven days at the utmost by an equally formidable fleet from the Baltic, and in case of the dismemberment of Turkey, or a necessity for a large force of naval vessels in Asiatic waters, Russia would be able to get her re-inforcements to that section of the world which would be compelled to use the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean. So far as Turkey and China are concerned, the completion of the Russian canal will place the czar in a position which would be envied by all the other European governments."

INDIA'S MONEY.

Business Men Demand Adoption of the Gold Standard.

Calcutta, India, Dec. 23.—The Bengal Chamber of Commerce has sent an address to the government, in which it says that the time has arrived to adopt the gold standard, pointing out that it is four years since the mints were closed, leaving India without a currency system, asserting that the suspense is harmful to trade and urging the government to disclose any measures which it may have in contemplation.



WHERE HISTORY IS BEING MADE.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR

Plants His Great Paw Upon Kin Chau, Near Port Arthur.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 27.—The Russians have occupied Kin-Chau, north of Port Arthur.

WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

Hostility of Russia Manifested Toward Great Britain.

London, Dec. 28.—Russia has made another grab of Chinese territory, and evidently is intent upon forcing the hand of Great Britain in regard to partition.

The occupancy of Kin-Chau, lying north of Port Arthur, places them a little nearer Pekin and gives them command of another important strategic position in the Gulf of Lan Tung.

The incident has intensified the interest in oriental affairs, and is taken to mean that the czar is intrenching himself in the flowery kingdom. It is also taken as signifying that an understanding exists with Germany and possibly with France.

Hanotaux Refuses to Talk.

M. Hanotaux, at Paris, refused to discuss the eastern situation further than to deprecate the action of Germany in compelling Russia to take steps to improve its own interests. It is expected, however, that when the French cruisers get into Chinese waters seizures will be made, and that Britain will then be compelled to grab territory in an attempt to preserve the balance of power in the Yellow Sea.

Action is likewise awaited on the part of Japan, whose indemnity is likely to remain unpaid should all the powers appropriate the Chinese littoral. It is hardly possible that the mikado will be satisfied with Wei-Hai-Wei, a place which the British government also covets; and in occupying other places Japanese interests may clash with those of the European powers.

It is conceded that the situation is more fraught with danger than at any time since the German occupation of Kiao-Chou Bay.

Value of the Position.

San Francisco, Dec. 28.—Eli T. Sheppard, who has recently returned from China, where he held an official position, commenting upon the reported occupation of Kin-Chau by Russia, said:

Kin-Chau is an important walled city (not an open port) at the head of the Gulf of Lau-Tung, and it commands the mouth of the River Yaloo, where the most important naval battle between the Japanese and Chinese was fought, and the other important rivers which flow into the gulf.

It is about equidistant between the mouth of the Yaloo river and the terminus of the great wall of China. It commands the railway system recently constructed from Tien-Tsin to the capital of Manchuria, and is of pre-eminent importance as a strategic position.

The seizure of the port shows that Russia has practically taken possession of Corea, Manchuria and the Gulf of Lau Tung, and possesses a significance which will cause consternation among the diplomats in the old world. Its situation is such that its possession practically places Russia in a position to defy the world.

China and Russia.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.—China, if forced to an extremity will form an alliance with Russia. This is the future of the Oriental situation. The authority for it is Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister to this country. It is not China's present intention to cede territory to Russia, but to grant concessions for railroads and to permit commercial enterprises. If pressed by European powers, however, China will look to Russia as her natural ally and protector.

More Russian Cruisers.

Odessa, Dec. 28.—It is reported that two first-class cruisers, with a large number of extra marines, have been ordered to join the Russian squadron in Chinese waters.

Twenty British Warships.

London, Dec. 28.—The Globe this afternoon says a private telegram reached London last evening, announcing that over 20 British ships have arrived at Port Hamilton.

This is Interesting.

London, Dec. 28.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says the British fleet has anchored at Port Hamilton.

The dispatch further says that a report is current at Chee Foo to the effect that the Japanese fleet has also arrived at Port Hamilton.

SUN'S ECLIPSE.

Is Causing Considerable Excitement and Consternation in China.

London, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Pekin states that great alarm is being felt throughout China concerning the coming eclipse of the sun next month, and which it is feared will prove a token of ill omen to the imperial house. By royal proclamation the day is to be observed as one of worship and the emperor and court will spend the entire twenty-four hours in a penitential hall. The proclamation applies to Chinese ambassadors, consuls and others the world over, and presumably to Chinese colonies in other lands.

CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

British Officers Severely Criticised for Mismanagement.

Allahabad, Dec. 23. The Pioneer publishes a scathing criticism of the recent fighting on the Indian frontier, and says the operations have ruined more than one reputation. The Pioneer asserts that the officers have disappointed expectations and calls upon the commander-in-chief to weed out those who have signally failed to prove their fitness to command or perform staff duties. The paper asserts that the instances when the troops were well handled have been few, while serious blunders were numerous and happy-go-lucky arrangements were the rule "resulting in a few hundred British troops and Sepoys forming the rear guard having again and again to fight desperately to save their skins, while within two or three miles thousands of their comrades were doing absolutely nothing."

The Pioneer says further:

"The whole campaign shows carelessness and indifference for the safety of the rear guard and bad disposition of the fighting strength. While the fortified enclosures and homesteads of the Afridis have been destroyed the latter have had their revenge in the actual conflicts."

FRANCE'S FOOTHOLD.

Success of a French Expedition in the Nile Country.

Paris, Dec. 23.—The Gil Blas to-day publishes a letter from Major Marchand, the French officer whose expedition was recently erroneously reported from Brussels to have been massacred. The letter, which is dated from Semio, on June 17, says the work accomplished is enormous. He adds that the French hold Domziber, strongly occupied Meshraerrek and that by August 14 France would thus be firmly established on the Nile without firing a shot.

Commenting upon this communication the Gil Blas says the rivals of France can no longer prevent her from being mistress of the Nile.

South African Anniversary.

Natal, South Africa, Dec. 24.—The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of these shores by Vasco de Gama and who originated the name of Natal, will be celebrated here on Christmas day with public exercises and general festivities.

THE OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT.

"What We May Do to be Saved" is a little book giving full particulars of a reliable cure. Free. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. S, Lebanon, Ohio.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.
The German Emperor's Representative in the Orient.

A little book, published by Dr. Robert Hunter, of 117 West 45th street, New York, gives all the latest discoveries and improvements in the theory and treatment of Lung Diseases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Consumption are fully explained, their differences shown, and their cure by medicated air inhalations pointed out.

Dr. Hunter is the oldest lung specialist in America, having devoted his life since 1851, to the special study and cure of Lung Complaints. He was the first physician to proclaim the local nature of Consumption, and to prove that it, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrhal Phthisis, endanger life solely by strangling the breathing power of the Lungs.

Dr. Hunter's treatment is applied directly to the bronchial tubes and air cells of the lungs by inhalation. He was the father and founder of this treatment, the inventor of the first inhaling instrument ever employed in medical practice, and the discoverer of the only germicidal inhalants which have proved their power to destroy the bacilli of tuberculosis in the lungs, and cure consumption. In addition to applying healing and cleansing balms to the lungs three times a day by his inhaling instruments, he anoints the chest with antiseptic oils, which surround the body with a zone of medicated air, and charges the chamber in which the patient sleeps with purifying antiseptics, thus keeping up a healing action on the lungs day and night.

This is what is meant by inhalation treatment scientifically applied to the cure of weak and diseased lungs. No other treatment in the world is so direct, common sense and successful. It is not sold as a nostrum, but prescribed for each case according to the nature of the disease and state of the patient.

Dr. Hunter's Book contains many letters from prominent people all over the country who have been successfully treated by him, and will be sent free to readers of the Toledo Blade interested for themselves or friends, by addressing him 117 West 45th street, New York.

REBELS WIN AT YACTA FORD.

Battle That the Spanish Said Little About.

New York, Dec. 22.—Following is the Cuban version of the battle fought at Yacta Ford, on the Cauto River, on December 14 last:

The details were received through the mails by

WASHINGTON.

UNCLE SAM WILL WATCH,

But Will Not Interfere in the Chinese Situation.

Washington, Dec. 24.—This country's attitude toward what appears to be an effort on the powers of Europe to dismember China was the principal topic of discussion at to-day's meeting of the cabinet. All the cabinet ministers were present, except Secretary Alger, who is ill at his home. While no formal action was taken in the absence of specific information as to the intention of the powers of Europe, it was determined, as a member of the cabinet expressed it, "to keep a watchful eye upon the situation as it developed in order that full protection may be given to the interests of the United States in China as guaranteed by our treaties with that country."

No disposition was manifested to participate in an extension of territory at the expense of China. Such a disposition would be contrary to the hitherto expressed and well-understood policy of this government, and is not contemplated by the administration. It was determined, however, to protect carefully all interests and privileges which the United States now enjoys in China.

Incidentally the question of American relief to sufferers in Cuba arose, but in the absence of official information from the Spanish government which had been expected, but had not been received, no action of importance was taken.

A part of the time of the meeting was consumed in an exchange of Christmas greetings. No presents were given or received among the members of the cabinet.

The cabinet understanding as to the attitude of the United States in the Chinese question promises to have a material influence on the development of the eastern situation. The diplomats stationed here have eagerly awaited some intimation as to the purposes of this government, and the foreign press, notably at London, Berlin and Vienna, have echoed the sentiments at those courts that if the United States entered the field, either singly, or in coalition with Great Britain and Japan, it would prove a material factor in the Chinese question. The general understanding reached to-day doubtless will be made known to such foreign representatives as desire to sound this government, and the information in turn will reach the foreign offices at London, Berlin, St. Petersburg and elsewhere. It will be a disappointment to some extent to China, which has looked to the United States as the nation occupying a disinterested position, permitting it to exert a strong influence in staying the dismemberment of the empire. China has made no advances to this government, however, but has occupied a passive attitude.

The views expressed at the cabinet put an end to any possibility of an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance, such as the foreign cables have suggested.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

Promises to Be Fiercely Contested When the Debate Opens.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 24.—The fact just made public, that a majority of the members of the cabinet have decided with President McKinley that no material modifications of Mr. Cleveland's blanket civil service order of extension are necessary or wise, has stirred up the anti-civil service Republican members of Congress who have not before sided with Gen. Grosvenor in his vigorous fight against the civil service laws. It is therefore quite evident that when the debate on that subject comes on in the house, after the reassembling of Congress early in January, the Ohio general will have many recruits to his ranks in his fight against this system. That the debate will be a long, as well as a vigorous one, no one doubts.

Speaking of the coming battle last evening, Gen. Grosvenor said: "I cannot outline the character of the debate except that it will lengthy. I do not yet know who the principal speakers will be, but I am sure there will be no long pauses between speeches of the opponents of the present order of things."

The believers in civil service reform content themselves, however, with the thought that should a bill pass both houses, materially modifying the present law, still more strangely repealing it outright, President McKinley is so far and so irrevocably committed to the system that he would and could do no less than to promptly veto it.

NOTE RETIREMENT.

Limit Has Already Been Reached for This Month.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Mr. Coffin, the acting comptroller of the currency, has called attention to the fact that the retirement of national bank notes during the first twenty days of this month reached the sum of $3,000,000. This is said to be the first time during the last ten years that voluntary retirement has reached this amount in any one month. Under the national bank act the United States treasurer is not allowed to receive for the retirement of circulation more than $3,000,000 in any one month, and hence all deposits to retire notes during the last ten days of this month must be refused. This exceptional condition, Mr. Coffin says, is due to the prevailing low rates of interest arising from a superabundance of money for investment, which has advanced the price of United States bonds. Mr. Coffin expressed the opinion that the law should be amended in this particular, as it interferes with the elasticity of the currency and the natural laws of trade.

NEARLY A HALF MILLION.

Uncle Sam Has Some Heavy Damages to Pay.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The findings of the British-American commission chosen to assess the damages for seizures of British ships in Bering Sea have been received by the State Department and the British embassy. Strict reticence is maintained however, on the general character of the finding, though it is admitted that the total of the award against the United States is $464,000, which includes principal and interest. A separate statement of the award divided into principal and interest is refused at this time. In order to avoid misapprehension, it should be understood that the finding against this government is no surprise, that being a certainty under the finding of the Paris court of arbitration that the United States had no right to close Bering Sea against foreign ships.

BANKRUPTCY BILL

Stands a Good Chance for Passage by Congress.

Washington, Dec 22.—There is a very favorable outlook for the passage of the bankruptcy bill and even the opponents of the measure concede their conviction that it will pass both houses. The majority of the Democrats in the House in all probability will vote against it. They feel that its involuntary feature will allow the creditor class of the East to oppress the poor in the West when the latter are the least able to be borne down upon while the voluntary phase of the proposed legislation will encourage dishonesty. The opposition, however, has felt it useless to organize to defeat the measure and they will simply put themselves on record. The bill has been reported to the House and will be taken up very soon.

JUDGE PAXSON

Will Probably Get the Place on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Washington, Dec. 24.—It is believed that the President has decided to appoint Judge Paxson of Pennsylvania, as a member of the inter-state commerce commission to succeed Col. William R. Morrison, whose term will expire in January. The President to-day informed Senator Debee, of Kentucky, who called upon him in the interest of Mayor Todd, of Louisville, that the position was promised, and it is thought that Judge Paxson is the man slated for the place.

...e Royal is the highest ... baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MR. GAGE'S RESIGNATION

Said to Have Been Tendered to the President.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, when asked to-day concerning a report that Secretary Gage had tendered his resignation, and that Mr. McKinley had refused to accept it, said: "There is nothing in it." The report in question gave Mr. Vanderlip as authority for the assertion. Secretary Gage himself left New York this morning.

Mr. Vanderlip, when questioned further, said that so far as he was quoted as authority for the assertion, he could say that there was nothing in it, for he had never so stated to any person. As to whether or not Mr. Gage had offered to resign and Mr. McKinley had refused to accept his resignation, he (Vanderlip) could say nothing, for he did not know whether it were so or not.

It is believed in some usually well-informed circles that the report is substantially correct, but that there was no formal tender of a resignation. It is regarded as probable that at some conversation with the President Mr. Gage in an informal way said that he would resign if his financial views were embarrassing the administration, and that the President in reply stated very positively that he did not want his secretary of the treasury to do any such thing.

It is learned furthermore that at the time of this conversation the President informed Mr. Gage that their views were on record and that he must not think of resigning. It is regarded as certain that Mr. Gage will continue in office.

AID FOR KLONDIKE.

Commissioners Start for Lapland to Obtain Reindeer.

Washington, Dec. 25.—The preliminaries of the Klondike relief expedition are rapidly being arranged by the War department. Lieut. Devore and Dr. Jackson were busy yesterday making final preparations for their trip to Lapland, and went to New York last night in order to sail on the Luania this morning. Secretary Alger has cabled Major Rajeton at Alten, Norway, to contract for 500 head of reindeer in advance of the arrival there of Dr. Jackson and Lieutenant Devore. Lieuts. Preston and Ryan, of the Ninth cavalry have been ordered to take charge of the pack trains which are to be gathered up from points in Wyoming and convey them to Vancouver Barracks. Secretary Alger believes that these trains will be of great use in getting supplies through to the interior of Alaska. They will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible and without waiting for the arrival of the reindeer at Skagway or Dyea.

It is believed that by a proper use of the trains a large amount of food supplies can be taken safely through White Pass and placed in camp to be established there, which will afterwards be used as the starting place for the reindeer trains.

Captain Brainard, who is now in Chicago, has been telegraphed to remain at that place until advised of the results of the department's efforts to get food supplies through by public advertisement. The subsistence department is now preparing a schedule of what is wanted, and this will be put in the form of an advertisement and responses invited by telegraph from bidders. This by days probably will be the limit of time allowed for the completion of deliveries of the food.

WHITE HOUSE COACHMAN.

Although Very Old He Is Soon to Be Wedded.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Albert Hawkins, the venerable colored coachman of the White House, who served all the Presidents from Lincoln to Cleveland, has sent stylish invitations to the elite of both white and colored society to attend the celebration of his marriage Dec. 23 to Miss Isabella Elizabeth H. Williams.

Hawkins was a notable at all inaugurations and public receptions from 1860 until Mr. Cleveland concluded that he was too old a man to pilot him through the streets of Washington. President Harrison reinstated him, and before retiring secured his appointment to a place in the government printing office, which he still holds.

Miss Williams is employed as a messenger in the United States bureau of statistics, and is pretty and accomplished. The prospective bride and groom are already in possession of many beautiful presents from prominent politicians and habitues of the White House under former administrations.

Hawkins is 70 years of age, but hale and hearty.

STORY DENIED.

United States Has Not Demanded Indemnity From Spain.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—Secretary of State Sherman was seen last night regarding a story cabled from Madrid to the effect that the United States had demanded of Spain $8,000,000 indemnity to American traders for damages sustained through the rebellion in Cuba. The secretary stated that if any such demand had been made he had not heard of it.

Judge Day, assistant secretary of state, said: "So far as I know there is absolutely nothing in the story. Some one may have attempted to foot up all the individual claims that have been filed, but even on that supposition I should not attempt to say their estimate was correct."

A the Spanish legation it was said that no information had been received of any such action. The legation had heretofore been notified of the filing of all individual claims but it was thought improbable that any claim in bulk would be made.

RURAL DELIVERY.

Experiments Out in Iowa Seem to Be a Success.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Special Agent Gaitree of the postoffice department, who has charge of the experiment of introducing free delivery in rural districts, has just returned from Iowa, where he laid out an experimental route of 40 miles around the little town of Brooklyn. This service delivers mail to 100 country families, and the farmer who lives farthest from the village can now have his mail delivered at his door.

The rural delivery has proved an instantaneous success in Iowa, and one of the farmers on the route has offered to contribute $25 annually to continue the service in case the government should abandon it. Rural free delivery is wholly experimental as yet, but the reports received from every state where it has been tried are so favorable that the postoffice department will urge Congress to give the system a much wider trial next year.

Belknap Monument.

Washington, Dec. 23.—A handsome granite monument erected in Arlington National cemetery at the grave of Major General William E. Belknap, who was secretary of war during the administration of President Grant, was yesterday turned over to the government. The monument was erected by General Belknap's comrades of Crocker's Iowa Brigade, the Eleventh, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and of the Army of the Tennessee, companions of Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States and other friends.

INTERVENTION FOR CUBA.

President McKinley Working to That End.

Washington, Dec. 28.—In a dispatch to the Times-Herald Walter Wellman says, concerning the administration and Cuba:

President McKinley, having declared the right of intervention on the part of the United States, the question is now asked, "How soon is he likely to exercise that right, and what will be the consequences when it is exercised?"

The best opinion here is that ultimately the President will be forced, out of considerations of humanity, to intervene. But it is not believed he will do so for at least a year, and that when he does Spain will accept it, reluctantly, but still peaceably, as the only way out of her troubles.

This is the end toward which the President is pressing, and every day that passes add to the probable success of his policy, designed to give independence to Cuba without war with Spain.

I find in well-informed circles here a belief that the President will ultimately intervene, this belief being based upon the following alleged facts:

1. Spain's new policy of autonomy, for whose results the President has properly waited, is a failure. It has satisfied only a few of the Cubans, and these the residents of the cities. It has made no impression whatever upon the armed insurgents. Nor has it satisfied the public opinion of the world that at last Spain is showing herself worthy to rule Cuba.

2. The bribery tactics which were a part of the autonomy policy, and for whose expertness therein General Blanco was chosen to succeed General Weyler—bribery with office, with money, with amnesty—is a failure, too. Hanging of bribe agents is the answer of the rebels to this line of attack. The answer is cruel but effective.

3. Spanish military operations make no substantial progress. There are insurgent troops and camps within a few miles of Havana. There is no reason to suppose that in a year or two years the Spanish will be able to suppress the revolt with the sword.

4. Autonomy, bribery and the sword having alike failed, the war is going on indefinitely. This means a continuation of the commercial paralysis which injures the United States, of that destitution, suffering and death rate among the non-combatant which appalls the people of this country and the world.

5. If left to themselves the Spanish cannot attain control of the island nor the insurgents oust their foes—if this deadlock is to go on till Cuba is depopulated and laid waste—the intervention which the President has declared to be the right of the United States will soon become a duty as the only possible solution of a great social and commercial problem.

Before taking decisive action in Cuba President McKinley meditates a thorough examination into the condition of the island from the military, the industrial, the sanitary and the social and political points of view. Probably the consent of Spain to such an investigation, to be made by a commission of distinguished Americans, will be the next turn of the screw. This inquiry, if finally decided upon, and if Spain consents to it, will take place next spring or summer, and will be conducted upon a thorough and comprehensive scale. In this way it is believed the truth about Cuba may be learned at last. The commission's report will be made the basis of the President's future action.

MINISTER TO CHINA.

Col. Bryan's Nomination May Not Go In—Increasing Opposition.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—President McKinley has sought to find out just what opposition will be made to Colonel Charles Page Bryan's nomination for minister to China by the senators, and he is not satisfied that the nomination can be confirmed. He has been advised by those most friendly to Colonel Bryan to hold back the nominations until a full canvass of the senators can be made, for, if laid before the senate with the present feelings among the leading Republicans, and no assurance of Democratic support, it is almost certain that the nomination will be rejected.

The opposition to the nomination of Colonel Bryan has increased rather than diminished, but the President is assured by the opponents that they do not wish to vote against any nomination he may send to the senate, and will oppose this only because they think it was made before the situation in China became so serious as to make it one of the most important missions to this country. The trade of the United States in China is greater than that of any European country, except Great Britain, and is almost equal to the combined trade of Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal. It is greater than that of Russia, and stands second in importance to the trade of Great Britain. This trade must be protected, and the senators feel that the situation calls for a man of wide experience in diplomacy and a knowledge of China and the Chinese.

President McKinley feels keenly the embarrassment of this nomination. He knew little of Colonel Bryan's qualifications for the office and made the appointment because this promise had been given and he had been unable to find a second class commission for him. Colonel Bryan's friends will not relieve the President of the embarrassment by offering to accept another place, and he will probably leave the matter to the senate eventually, but he may follow the suggestions of the Republican senators, who do not want to make a losing fight, and withhold the nomination for some days after the senate meets.

STARVING CUBANS.

President McKinley Has Done All He Can Do.

Washington, Dec. 28.—The most profound distress prevails among many thousands of people in Cuba. Starvation not only impends but is an actual fact. The President has been informed of the fact from sources whose credibility can not be doubted. He has gone to the length of his power in calling the state of affairs to the attention of the American people.

The Senate has used all of its authority to mitigate the condition there, and the letter to the public sent out by Secretary Sherman the day before Christmas pointed out the way to further alleviate the miserable condition of the reconcentrados.

Yesterday the sum of $5,000 was received by Assistant Secretary Day from certain charitably disposed persons whose names are not disclosed, and this sum will be remitted by telegraph to Consul General Lee for disbursement among the more pressing cases. It is hoped by the department of state that the American people will come to their relief promptly by subscriptions of money, clothing and supplies of various kinds. The newspapers are expected to lend a generous aid in carrying forward this movement.

The machinery for distribution has been provided by the state department and Consul General Lee has undertaken with the aid of the American consul officers in Cuba, to give personal attention to the alleviation of distress by the distribution of the gifts of the American people. One line of steamers plying between New York and Havana—the Ward line—it is said, has undertaken to forward any contributions of goods to General Lee at Havana, and it is believed that the American railroads will do their part by carrying the goods to the seaboard.

The Spanish authorities have consented to permit all duties on relief supplies so forwarded. The state department has cabled that they be sent direct to Consul General Lee, either money by draft or check, or goods.

Bad Oil Fire.

San Jose, Cal., Dec. 25.—The plant of the Standard Oil Co., near the Southern Pacific depot in this city, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. The loss is about $25,000. While the fire was in progress a gasoline tank exploded. Jerry O'Brien, a volunteer fireman, was saturated with the burning oil and died. A number of other persons were slightly burned.

DIVISION OF CHINA.

Senator Morgan Shows That This Country is Greatly Interested.

New York, Dec. 27.—According to a Washington correspondent of the Herald Senator Morgan of Alabama, of the committee on foreign relations said last night that it would be impossible for the United States, to remain complacent should European nations undertake the dismemberment of China. Senator Morgan said: "If partition involves the abrogation of treaties this country would be left to make terms again with each European nation separately in the territory to which its sovereignty extended. Therefore, unless the powers now ambitious for territorial extension take into account the importance of American commercial relations with China it will be necessary for the government to intervene in self defense. If the session is absolute then American interests must be taken care of through the treaties between America and the countries to which the absolute cessions are made respectively.

"If the territory is given up merely for a time there will be a mixed responsibility and it is a good time for intervention and the exercise of American diplomacy. The German occupation of a port of China and the prospective occupation of other parts by various European nations is an effort to complete a cordon of offense to American commerce from Vladimostock to Marseilles or to Liverpool. That cordon is being stretched to contract the trade of six hundred millions of people who have direct trade and intercourse with the Pacific ocean. There is a great deal in the Chinese problem that vitally interests Americans and which seems to demand immediate consideration from the state department and congress."

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

National Association Will Hold a Great Meeting in New York.

New York, Dec. 24.—During the last week of January the National Association of Manufacturers, which is the most extensive and influential industrial organization in this country and represents a larger amount of capital, a greater value of products, a longer pay roll and more employes than any other business association in the world, will hold its annual meeting at the Masonic Temple, corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, in the city of New York. Three days will be devoted to the discussion of questions interesting to the manufacturing industry and foreign trade. Several features of the transportation problem, the revision of our patent laws, the establishment of a department of commerce and industry, the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures, the representation of the United States at the Paris exposition in 1900, the improvement of the consular service, the encouragement of the American merchant marine, reciprocity treaties, the establishment of suitable warehouses for the display of American goods in foreign markets and similar subjects appear on the programme. The banquet will be tendered to the guests by the business men of New York on the evening of Thursday, January 27. The railways have given reduced rates and other important preparations are being made by Mr. E. P. Wilson, the secretary, whose headquarters are in rooms 80 and 81, the Times building, New York city.

FLEET AT ESQUIMAULT.

The Strongest Ever Assembled in the North Pacific.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 27.—The British cruiser Leander, accompanied by the torpedo destroyer Virago, have arrived en route to Esquimault. The two war ships left Portsmouth, England, last August, traveling at an average speed of 12 knots. They called at the principal ports of South America. On the way up the coast the United States coast defense vessel Monterey was seen at Magdalena Bay. The Leander is a second-class cruiser of 4,300 tons and has a speed of 16 knots. The Virago is one of several torpedo destroyers built last year. She is reputed to have a speed of 200 knots. The two vessels will coal on Wednesday and will leave for Esquimault calling at San Francisco on the way.

The cruiser Phaeton with the destroyer Sparrow Hawk are following the Leander and Virago and are expected to arrive here within two weeks. The Phaeton and Leander are sister ships as also are the Sparrow Hawk and Virago.

With these vessels added to the Esquimault squadron Great Britain will have the strongest fleet by far that has ever assembled in the North Pacific.

COTTON MILL MEN.

The Situation Between the Operators and Manufacturers.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 28.—The latest proposition of the operators and the answer of the manufacturers have again left matters in this city in rather an uncertain condition, although by many the outcome anticipated is an acceptance by the operatives, at least for the present, of the reduction. The proposition is understood to be a compromise between two factions in the conference committee, one favoring an immediate strike, and the other postponement of all action until March.

The answer of the manufacturers decided upon by the committee at a meeting yesterday is a rejection of the proposition, so that there is nothing for the operatives to do but accept or oppose the reduction. The conference committee will meet again to-night, and on Thursday night general meetings of the weavers, spinners and carders will be held for final action.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

For Pottery Workers Who Will Have Wages Advanced.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 24.—The pottery workers of this state will not hang up their stockings on Christmas eve for nothing. When they take them down on Christmas morning they will find in them the welcome development of an increase in wages averaging 12½ per cent.

The find in the stocking will, of course, be figurative, but the advance will be real and tangible. The decision to restore the wages of all the pottery districts in the country to the basis prevailing in 1894, when the cut of 12½ per cent was made, was reached by the manufacturers some time since, but its going into effect was postponed until Christmas day owing to the fact that the market was somewhat overstocked at the time. The trade is now in good condition and the operatives are naturally elated over the substantial advance.

MRS. BLAINE

Plays a Hand in Politics, and Names a Postmaster.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 27.—Mrs. James G. Blaine has successfully played a hand in politics, and has proved herself the dictator of Augusta. The postmastership contest, which has waged several weeks and has been most bitter, is practically won by Walter D. Stinson, a nephew of Mrs. Blaine.

William H. Williams had the support of 1,200 Republicans and the indorsement of business men generally, but he has withdrawn in favor of Stinson upon the written request of President McKinley, who stated that Mrs. Blaine had earnestly requested Stinson's appointment and he desired to have no opposition.

BIG TUBE MILL

Soon to Start and Give Employment to Many Men.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 25.—Preparations are being made to start the tube mill of the Oil Well Supply company, on Second avenue, this city. This plant has been idle for the past four years, and its starting means that 1,500 men will be given employment. The resumption will take place in about six weeks.

Pennsylvania Republicans.

Philadelphia, Dec. 22.—The Republican state committee has decided to hold the next convention at Harrisburg, June 2, 1898. The convention will select candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of internal affairs and congressmen at large.

WINTER IN KLONDIKE.

Five Men Arrive at Seattle Direct From Dawson.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 27.—Among the passengers of the steamer Rosalie, which has arrived here from Skaguay and Dyea, were six men who recently left Dawson City, bringing advices up to November 2. The men are Frank Ballaine, John Lindsay, Tom Storey, R. Gwynn, W. B. Bing and P. J. Pollard. Conflicting statements as to the food situation in Dawson was made by these men. Lindsay asserts with great positiveness that want already exists at Dawson and that unless food is taken into camp from the coast men will suffer from hunger. Ballaine, Gwynn and Holland say there is more alarm outside concerning the Dawson people than is felt by the residents of that place. They agree that there is no food to be bought in Dawson except where a man is found who is coming out of the country and with more grub than he could use on the way up the river. They say except for the fact that some of the men will be put on short rations thereby diminishing the output of the mines this winter, the shortage of food will not be felt. The exodus of men from Dawson to Fort Yukonand to points on the coast and materially relieves the situation at Dawson.

Between Polly river and Dyea the party passed hundreds in the camps where snow and icebound Klondikers have camped for the winter. Many of them were well equipped with provisions and by paying $2 per pound it was possible for them to procure flour and other necessaries. From Five Fingers the Yukon is a frozen mass of ice boulders running as high as 12 feet, blocking the canyon from wall to wall and making travel difficult. This it is asserted will have to be cut through by government or other relief expeditions that expect to reach Dawson from the coast and the belief expressed by Ballaine was that this task would practically make futile any effort put forth by the government at Washington to relieve the American miners in the Klondike.

Reports from Skagua and Dyea brought down by the Rosalit are to the effect that swindlers operating under the guise of Canada officials are fleecing the newcomers at Lake Linderman, demanding payment for duty and giving a printed receipt.

STEEL IS KING.

The Coming Year Will Be a Record Breaker.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 27.—The coming year will see a great revival in the iron and steel industries of America. Already the Illinois Steel Company has orders for over 800,000 tons of iron and steel, nearly all in the form of finished products. The amount is 200,000 tons in excess of the company's advance orders for any previous season.

President John W. Gates of the company said: "The year 1898 will be the best business year this country has seen in a decade. During the last year iron and steel exports have amounted to 200,000 tons, and prospects are that exports will be doubled for the coming year. The present month is a record breaker and an index of what the coming year will be. The pig iron turned out in America this month will exceed that of any previous month, and nearly all of it goes into finished products. The Illinois Steel Company is now turning out between 4,000 and 5,000 tons of pig iron daily, and nearly all of this goes into finished products. During the last year between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 tons of ore have come down the lakes. Next year the amount will be larger."

THEODORE DURRANT.

His Attorneys Have Now Taken the Last Stand.

San Francisco, Dec. 27.—The attorneys of Theodore Durrant have taken their stand in the last ditch and begun a new and sensational fight for the life of the murderer. John H. Dickinson and W. [illegible] Judge J. M. Seawell and presented an affidavit signed by the father, William A. Durrant, to the effect that Horace Smyth, one of the trial jurors, cast his vote not on the evidence presented during the trial, but upon information that he received outside of the trial of the case. This information, which it is alleged, Smyth received, was of an exceedingly revolting nature. Smyth is charged with declaring openly to four reputable citizens in San Francisco that he based his verdict upon the information he received outside of the trial. The attorneys claim that they can make good their charges in court. Smyth was cited to appear before Judge Wallace next Tuesday and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt. This action is to be made the basis for an appeal for a new trial.

THAT GREENLAND STORY.

Unfounded Rumor, and We Don't Want the Old Thing, Anyway.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Nothing is known in official circles here of any overtures made by our government for the purchase of a portion of Northwestern Greenland for use as a coaling and naval station, and it can be set down as an unfounded statement. Naval authorities say they have absolutely no use for a coaling station in that part of the globe. The present customs laws of Greenland forbid any communication between foreign ships and Greenland ports except under special permits, which must be taken out from Danish officials, and it is suggested that the present story may have its foundation in the attempt of some Arctic explorer to obtain from the Danish government privileges in his effort to establish a station for a base of supplies in the course of an attempt on the North Pole.

PEARY'S NEXT TRIP.

Will Start for the Arctic Regions in July.

New York, Dec. 27.—A World dispatch from Washington says: R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, who returned from England on the St. Paul, immediately upon his arrival in New York took a train for Washington.

When seen by a reporter he was enthusiastic over his reception in England, and the gift to him by A. C. Harmsworth, the wealthy Englishman, of the Windward, a fine ship which the explorer will use in his trip to the Arctic regions next year. Mr. Harmsworth also furnished the funds for the expedition. Peary said the Windward would be sent to New York early in the spring, and he would start in the latter part of July. He returned to New York last night to finish his narrative which is now in the publisher's hands.

Heavy Loss by Fire.

Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 28.—The wholesale grocery house of Noyes, Hubbard & Co., was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, $125,000; insurance, $70,000. The building was valued at $15,000; insurance, $5,000. The adjoining building, owned and occupied by the Payne Shoe Co., was badly damaged, its stock principally by water. The loss is estimated at about $30,000, fully insured.

Kansas Pioneer Dead.

Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 27.—Charles N. Emery, one of the prominent pioneers of Kansas and Nebraska, died here yesterday, aged 62. He was one of the first agents of the Overland stage company in this state, before the Union Pacific road was built, and took an active part in the stirring times of that period.

Edison a Manufacturer.

Winsted, Conn., Dec. 28.—It is stated here that J. Pierpont Morgan and Thomas A. Edison have purchased important water privileges on the Housatonic river at Falls Village, and will erect a number of new Edison ore separators. They control valuable ore beds, a canal and other equipments.

Married Mrs. McKinley's Parents.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 27.—Rev. W. W. Taylor, aged 86, the oldest Presbyterian preacher in this state, died yesterday. At one time he was pastor of the church which President McKinley's wife's parents attended, and officiated at their marriage.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Purely Vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists or by mail. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York.

FIRE IN CLEVELAND.

The Power and Wilshire Blocks Burned. Loss, a Million.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 24.—Fire broke out in the business center of the city at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and, fanned by a high northwest wind, destroyed property worth more than half a million dollars. The Power block on Frankfort street, owned by J. B. Perkins, six stories high and made of brick, was consumed above the second story, and the rear of the brick Wilshire block, six stories high, owned also by Mr. Perkins, and fronting on Superior street, were burned.

The losses will be much heavier than at first estimated and it is believed they will come close to a million dollars. The principal losers are Johns & Co., lithographers, Power block, $225,000; J. L. Hudson, clothier, on stock by fire and water, $100,000; J. B. Perkins, in Power block, $100,000; J. B. Perkins in Backstone building, $40,000; J. B. Perkins, in Wilshire building, $20,000; H. C. Rouse, in Century building, $30,000.

QUEER CASE.

Girl Barred From Attendance Because She is Married.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 22.—Mrs. Sam Frazier has been barred from attendance at the high school by Principal William J. S. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has referred her case to Superintendent Louis Soldan, and only by Mr. Soldan's special permission will she be allowed to finish her course and graduate. This is a most remarkable case and one which may cause some stir in the school board before it is settled. The question is: Does a girl, who is under the age limit forfeit her right to attend a public school by marrying? Mrs. Frazier is but 17 years old. Until last Saturday she was Gertrude W. Lewis, residing at Crescent, in St. Louis county. She would have graduated next June. On Saturday she eloped with Sam Frabier and they were married at Clayton. Nobody appeared to know of the marriage until yesterday, when the secret leaked out at school and soon reached Principal Bryan's ears.

Markets and Crops.

TRADE LAST WEEK.

Commercial Agencies Give Out Flattering Reports.

New York, Dec. 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade:

"The weekly reports show a remarkably large holiday trade, at many points the largest for five years. Moreover, at the season when wholesale business usually shrinks, the pressure of demands for immediate deliveries, which results from unprecedented distribution to consumers, keeps many establishments at work that usually begin their yearly rest spell somewhat earlier. Instead of decreasing the demand for products shows an unexpected increase in several important branches. Foreign trade continues satisfactory, even in comparison with the remarkable record of a year ago, when exports exceeded $117,000,000 in December. Bank failures at Philadelphia, due to the individual operations of one banker, and commercial failures for the month have been less than half last year's to the same date.

The outgoing flood of grain is not checked by Chicago speculation, though more corn than wheat has been moved. Wheat exports, flour included, have been 3,608,321 bushels for the week, against 3,598,806 the previous week, and 1,546,443 a year ago, and in four weeks, 15,766,895 bushels, against 9,039,037 last year, while corn exports for the week were 4,540,826 bushels, against 1,751,740 last year; have been in four weeks 14,429,151, against 6,176,674 last year. Last year's corn movement was by far the greatest ever known, and this year's wheat movement for the half year nearly ended has been close to the maximum reached in 1891. Wheat has varied very little, closing 3c higher for the week after deliveries of surprising magnitude at Chicago, and corn closes nearly a cent higher. Cotton has also been moving largely, and has risen a sixteenth.

Cotton goods have further declined in prices of bleached which meet active Southern competition, and the Fall River spinners insist upon reduction of one-ninth in wages, other New England mills joining. Out of 101 New England mills 40 have passed dividends, 14 at Fall River, with 15 others paying 1 per cent for the last quarter. The fall in the price of cotton when the mills were holding heavy stocks of goods placed this industry in a most embarrassing position. Woolen mills have begun buying domestic wool heavily, especially Montana and Territory, as insured a large business. Contracts of unknown magnitude have been made, it is said, many at previous prices, but others at a moderate advance. Wool is more firm, traders having disposed of 3,300,000 pounds of Territory, and 1,500,000 pounds of other domestic at Boston, and sales at three cities reached 7,800,100 pounds.

There is a stronger demand for iron and its products, Bessemer rising to $10, and Grey forge to $9 at Pittsburg. A striking feature is the unusual demand for the season in building crafts, of which 4,000 have been ordered at Chicago by one trunk line, and rates there have advanced to $20. Building contracts in unusual number for the season come up.

New York, Dec. 25.—Bradstreets says: Quietness in wholesale lines, but pronounced and notable activity in retail trade have been the salient features in this week's trade situation. Price changes, which are numerous, is largely in an upward direction and the year draws to a close with results as a whole fully equaling, and in many instances surpassing early expectations. Perhaps the most notable feature has been the unanimity with which trade reports from all parts of the country, with some few exceptions, point to a very heavy holiday trade, in nearly all cases comparing favorably with recent preceding years.

Reports are that stocks of these goods have been heavily reduced; particularly prominent in reporting a good retail trade in the west are Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. The Northwest colder weather has improved the demand for seasonable goods and this combined with the usual holiday business has resulted in a good total trade. At the east seasonable conditions prevail, wholesale trade being quiet and holiday trade active. Good business has been done in boots and shoes and shipments are far ahead of last year.

Proof of the unsettled condition of the wheat situation effects the export business in that several is furnished by the figures of shipments this week from both coasts of the United States and Canada. The total exports reported to Bradstreet aggregate (flour as wheat) 4,757,550 bushels, as against 4,694,000 bushels last week and 6,208,000 bushels in this week last year.

Indian corn exports for the week are 4,879,011 bushels, against 4,120,878 bushels last week, and 2,468,000 this week a year ago.

Commercial failures in the United States remain about normal. The total for this week amounts to 280, as compared with 283 in the previous week, but is smaller than the total in 1895, when 316 were reported. There are 30 business failures reported in the Dominion this week, against 43 last week.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Dec. 28, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 28.	Dec. 21.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	129	129
U. S. 4's (new), registered	129	129
U. S. 5's, coupons	114¾	114¾
U. S. 5's, registered	114¾	114¾
U. S. 4's coupons	114¼	114¼
U. S. 4's, registered	112¾	112¾
U. S. 2's registered	99½	99½
Pacific 6's of '95	102¾	102¾

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

In the general markets to-day, wheat opened with a fair degree of strength on coarse grains starting firm, and on cables coming higher, but northwestern receipts showed large, which caused a downward tendency. Prices fell ¾c from the opening, but rallied ½c. Under moderate liquidation May wheat declined a little, but at noon was up to about opening price. December wheat at Chicago closed from 98 to 98¼, in the beginning, but toward noon it was sent up to 100¾. At noon it stood at 100 asked. This kicking about December wheat like a foot ball is the illustration of the actual price of wheat. May is a true indicator of future stable market prices. At noon December wheat was up 1c as compared with yesterday at Chicago, and May was about ¾c off. At New York December corn opened with a firm and strong tendency. The markets kept pace with corn and oats in strength toward the close. There were no new features. Exports were of good proportions.

Puts on May wheat at Chicago at 1:30 p. m., 93¾c bid; calls, 94¾@94¾c.

Export clearances of wheat to-day, 415,038 bushels; flour, 20,420 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 546,967 bushels.

Bradstreet's reports Sias. of Rockies, wheat increase, 1,200,000 bushels; Europe decrease, 1,200,000 bushels; net increase, 80,000 bushels. Corn decreased 42,000 bushels. Oats decreased 1,425,000 bushels.

December cash at Chicago, 99¾c; high, 99¾c; low, 98¼c; close, 99¼c. At New York December corn opened at 38½c bid, and closed at 38½c; May, 39@39¼c, 38c, then 39¼c bid.

Broomhall cable: Italian imports of foreign wheat during November, 1,440,000 bushels, against 1,280,000 in October and 1,240,000 during December last year. Argentine prospects continue favorable and there is no pressure of this wheat offering. Some January fine sample Uruguayan is offered at a prohibitive price. Anticipate light arrivals United Kingdom during next few weeks.

Prices of wheat:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Dec.				
Toledo	95	95¾	95	95¾
Chicago	98	100¾	97¾	99¾
New York	99¾	101¾	99¾	101¾
St. Louis	88¾	88¾	88	88¾

At Chicago May wheat opened at 94¼c, high 94¾c, low 93¾c, close 94¼c asked; July, 84¾c bid, close 84¾c. At New York May wheat opened at 95¾c, fell to 95¼c, rose to 95¾c, and closed at 95¼c bid. At St. Louis May wheat opened at 97¼c, fell to 95¾@96¼c, and close at 97¼c.

Prospects of Argentine crop becoming more favorable.

Liverpool wheat closed quiet and ¼@